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Reminiscences of Chicago During the Civil War

CORNER OF STATE AND WASHINGTON STREETS IN THE '60'S

FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY LOUIS KURZ, IN THE COLLECTIONS OF
THE CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NOTE: AT THE RIGHT OF THE PICTURE, WHERE THE MAIN BUILDING OF MARSHALL FIELD & CO. NOW STANDS, IS SHOWN THE MARBLE YARD OF VOLK, MOORE & CO., WITH THE STUDIO OF LEONARD VOLK, THE SCULPTOR, AND TOBEY'S FURNITURE STORE. AT THE LEFT, CORRESPONDING TO THE WEST SIDE OF STATE STREET, IS SHOWN THE MERCHANTS HOTEL (FORMERLY THE STEWART HOUSE), AND THE CROSBY BLOCK (CONTAINING A MUSIC HALL CONNECTED AT THE REAR WITH THE OPERA HOUSE WHICH FACED WASHINGTON ST.), PARDRIDGE'S DRY GOODS STORE, AND THE ESTABLISHMENT OF RICE & ALLEN PRINT PUBLISHERS ETC. THE STATE STREET BRIDGE IS SEEN IN THE DISTANCE

The Lakeside Classics

Reminiscences of Chicago During the Civil War

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY
MABEL McILVAINE

The Lakeside Press, Chicago
R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS COMPANY
CHRISTMAS, MCMXIV

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Publishers' Preface

THIS year's volume of The Lakeside Classics continues the printing of material bearing upon Chicago's history. It has not been the purpose to publish in serial form a complete history of Chicago, but rather to give to the reader brief, intimate glimpses of life in Chicago during its various stages of development, leaving the consecutive and complete relation to the serious historian. This year the subject matter has been drawn from the days immediately preceding, and during the early part of the Civil War. To-day the minds of all of us are filled with the terrible cataclysm of the European War; the years of plotting and counterplotting of diplomats, so that none of us can say with authority what are its real causes, except that they are sordid; and the cruel preparedness that resulted in a great battle within a week of the declaration of war. The following pages will bring to our minds, by contrast, how clearly the Civil War was the spontaneous uprising of a people to a great moral issue, and why, through the absolute lack of a military spirit or preparedness it took four years to weld clerks and workingmen and farmers and school boys into a victorious army. Nor do many of us of the present gen-

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eration realize how large a party of outspoken opposition the President had to fight throughout the North. The fact that in spite of it the war was carried through to a conclusion, which all now admit was to the advancement of human rights, ought to be a lesson (if anyone will ever learn wisdom from others' experience) that free speech even in times of national peril never crushes, but often advances and makes more readily accepted the truth.

The publishers are under great obligation to Mr. Ogden T. McClurg for allowing them to print that portion of the unpublished memoirs of his father, General Alexander C. McClurg, of the Civil War, which bears upon the recruiting of his company in Chicago.

The balance of the articles have all appeared in print before, either in books, pamphlets, or newspapers, but have been collected and sifted out by the intelligent and diligent efforts of the editor, Miss Mabel McIlvaine.

It hardly seems necessary to mention once more that, as in past years, the book is the product of the boys in the School for Apprentices of The Lakeside Press, which is now in its seventh year. The little volume goes forth as a messenger of Christmas good wishes to the friends and patrons of

THE PUBLISHERS.

CHRISTMAS, 1914.

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Introduction

Introduction

If we were compiling a book on the Civil War in Chicago, we should have to begin with the Underground Railroad, the passage of John Brown through the city under safe conduct of Allen Pinkerton, and the like, with a full roll-call of all the splendid array of troops that went forth from the city. But since we are not thinking so much about war as about the life in Chicago during the war, we have taken the liberty of speaking of things warlike and unwarlike.

"This war," said *The London Times*, of November 3, 1863, "has brought the levity of the American character out in bold relief. There is something saddening, indeed revolting, in the high glee, real or affected, with which the people here look upon what ought to be, at any rate, a grievous national calamity." With unfeeling "levity" *The Chicago Tribune* on October 8th of the same year had remarked that: "On every street and avenue one sees new buildings going up, immense stone, brick, and iron business blocks, marble palaces, and new residences everywhere; the grading of streets, the building of sewers, and laying of water and gas pipes are all in progress at the same time. The unmistakable signs of active,

thriving trade are everywhere manifest, not at any particular point, but everywhere throughout the city, where the enterprise of man can gain a foothold." The population of Chicago went up from 109,000 to 178,000 during the four years of the war, and other signs of "levity" were the popularity of grand opera, of such actors as Booth, Forrest, Hackett, and Laura Keene, not to say Tom Thumb and Wood's Museum. In private life *tableaux vivants* were much in vogue, together with photograph albums, flower shows, croquet, ice-skating, New Year's calls, and other frivolities.

Before engaging in battle, we are told, it is customary to take an observation from some elevated point, and this is afforded in the "Bird's Eye View of Chicago," extracted from Mr. Frederick Francis Cook's *Bygone Days in Chicago*. Mr. Cook enjoyed the triple advantage, during war time, of living in Chicago, of being a newspaper reporter, and of working first on *The Journal*, then on *The Times*, and then on *The Tribune*. He gained an all-round grasp of feeling and facts, and when, some years since, he came back to Chicago, and, with the help of the Chicago Historical Society, reviewed the period, he was able to make a book which the native Chicagoan, even of a later generation, recognizes as true to the "hard facts," and something more.

Chicago, as we have seen, was not at all a militant city at the time the war began, and yet

she has the credit of contributing the most highly drilled corps of men in the country, as tested by actual competition—the Ellsworth Zouaves—to the resources of the army. Elmer E. Ellsworth, although of good family connections in New York, was rather an obscure young man until a few years before the war, when, without any knowledge of what was coming, he set to work to bring to a higher state of perfection the manual and accoutrements of a small militia company in Chicago. To Major Henry H. Miller, of Steamboat Springs, Colo., late of the 77th Illinois, Company A, we are indebted for what seems to be the most complete account of the Ellsworth Zouaves and their great "tour" of the country available. The Chicago Historical Society possesses the blue and gold banner which they were awarded on their return, the "Manual of Arms" which Ellsworth devised, and many pictures and letters connected with him. Shortly before the war Ellsworth had gone to study law in Lincoln's office, accompanied him to Washington, drilled the New York Fire Zouaves, and, at the outbreak of the war, was the first officer to be killed,—literally for the flag. It would seem that his life was thrown away, that he really had no part in the war. But in Chicago he had established a standard of rectitude coupled with athletics which the succeeding generations have felt to be unique, and his men, dispersed throughout the army,

had an influence as drill-masters which was incalculable.

"Our government rests in public opinion. Whoever can change public opinion can change the government practically so much. Public opinion on any subject always has a 'central idea' from which all its minor thoughts radiate. That 'central idea' in our political opinion at the beginning was, and until recently has continued to be, 'the equality of man.' Let bygones be bygones; let party differences as nothing be; and with a steady eye on the real issue, let us reinaugurate the good old 'central idea' of the republic. We can do it. The human heart is with us; God is with us." No need to tell the reader whose voice it is that speaks in these words. Five years before the war, at the Republican banquet in Chicago following the presidential campaign, December 10, 1856, Abraham Lincoln thus expressed the political creed from which he never departed. Had his fellow countrymen all been able to reach the same opinion at that time there had been no Civil War. By the debates with Douglas, Lincoln further sought to educate public opinion, and by the time of his election had succeeded at least in converting his bitterest opponent, the "Little Giant" of Chicago, and in gaining the franchise of the majority. The classic account of the Chicago Republican Convention of 1860, by which Abraham Lincoln was nominated to the presidency, is that of his

friend and law associate, Isaac N. Arnold of Chicago, but for our purposes we have chosen that of Dr. Humphrey H. Hood, a down-state abolitionist, as Lincoln was, and through whose honest countryman's eyes we see with wondering delight all the glories of the "Wigwam." Dr. Hood was afterward surgeon in the 117th Illinois Volunteers, and in the 3rd U. S. Heavy Artillery. His convention story was published in *The Hillsboro Free Press*, now known as *The News Monitor*, of Litchfield, where Dr. Hood lived until his death in 1903. Lincoln, although residing at Springfield, was a frequent visitor in Chicago, and only a month before his nomination came up as one of the counsel in the "Sandbar Case," involving the ownership of accretions of land on the Lake Front. Again, before starting for Washington as President-elect, he met by appointment in Chicago, the Vice-President-elect Hannibal Hamlin of Maine, with whom he had never before spoken, and, with his help, selected the Cabinet for the momentous administration.

The first move on the chessboard of the war in the West was the expedition to Cairo, the first armed force going from Chicago, and firing the first shot. The purpose of the expedition was to gain control of the junction of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, which converge at Cairo, and prevent the cutting off of communication with the Northwest, as well

as to avert an invasion from the Confederate States. Mr. Augustus Harris Burley of Chicago, author of *The Cairo Expedition*, which, with the permission of the Chicago Historical Society, we are reprinting, was the head of the war committee appointed to raise and administer funds for the expedition. He was afterwards a member of the Union Defence Committee. Treasurer and a trustee of the Historical Society almost from its organization in 1856, his paper, read before the Society in 1890, is of the utmost authority. Gen. John A. Page of Evanston, one of the "boys" who went from the campus of Northwestern University to the mud-banks of "Darkest Egypt," and who ended by becoming an officer in the 3rd U. S. Army Corps, recently contributed to *The Evanston Daily News* an account of his experiences, and we are giving them here, with regret that we cannot also include those of Dr. Allen W. Gray of Chicago, who also went from Northwestern, so precipitately as to forget to say good-bye to his sweetheart. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, in her *Story of My Life*, has given a graphic picture of the pulling out of the first train of troops, and we all know what she did afterward in the work of the Sanitary Commission of the Northwest.

Time and space would fail us to tell of all the other brave bands, such as the Highland Guards, the Mulligan Guards, the Lincoln

Rifles, the Sturges Rifles, Taylor's Battery, the Hecker Regiment, etc.; but a glimpse, as in a moving picture, is afforded by an account in *The Chicago Tribune* of April 23, 1861, of Chicago during mobilization.

In one of the niches of the Chicago Historical Society's "Hall of Fame" repose a blue broadcloth coat, a sword, and a book, together with the portrait of a slender, erect man, with a glance like a flash of steel. The coat, white-vested, and rather elegant in outline, is accompanied with the statement that it was worn by Alexander C. McClurg when colonel of a regiment at the battle of Chickamauga. On the sword is the inscription: "Presented to Capt. A. C. McClurg of Co. H., 88. Regt. Ill. Vol., by Friends in Chicago, Aug. 27, 1862," followed by a formidable list of battles, beginning with Perryville, Missionary Ridge, Chattanooga, etc., and ending with the March to the Sea, Savannah, and Bentonville. The book is a copy of Palgrave's *Golden Treasury of Song*, bound with all the magnificence of which Cobden-Sanderson is capable, and accompanied with a statement of Gen. McClurg's own, that "For three years this little book was constantantly 'at the front.'" These objects tell the tale of the poetry-loving lad, snatched away from a Chicago bookstore as captain of a regiment, and later rising through the ranks of the army to that of brigadier-general, to emerge, not a military man, but a book lover,

as before—with an added alertness—to become head of one of the largest book stores and publishing houses in the country. For the benefit of his family he faithfully kept a diary throughout the war, and subsequently prepared a manuscript memoir, from which we have published that portion which deals with his enlistment and the organization of his company. A member of the original company when it stood guard over the remains of Douglas,—Commander Horatio L. Wait—in his Diary concerning his experiences in the U. S. Navy, has a list showing that a large proportion of this company became officers in other corps, and several, General McClurg and himself among them, President of the Chicago Literary Club.

Finally, following the article on *The Suppression of the Times*, already alluded to, we have the *History of Camp Douglas*, first read before the Chicago Historical Society on June 18, 1878, by our old friend, "Deacon Bross," ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois, patriot, public-minded citizen, but unmitigated hater of "Copperheads." If it were consistent with truth, we should like to omit the history of any prison from our annals. But since Camp Douglas was an important recruiting station, as well as probably the largest of the Northern prison camps, and since it was an integral part of Chicago life in the sixties, we include it, with apologies to the gentler sensi-

bilities of the present generation, which may be shocked at the expressions of the good deacon, such as "venomous copperheads," "malignant reptiles," etc.—all a part of the free speech of his time, though not indulged in by all Northerners. If by such means as this we of this generation may gain a glimpse of what we have escaped, we shall have learned something from this little volume. But at this Christmas season and in the present state of the world's history making, it were well if we might also learn the larger lesson that Lincoln tried to teach of "Malice toward none, with charity for all."

MABEL MCILVAINE.

Reminiscences of Chicago
During the Civil War

Chicago in the Civil War

[A Bird's-eye View of Chicago in the Civil War, by Frederick Francis Cook; reprinted from his "Bygone Days in Chicago," by courtesy of A. C. McClurg & Co.]

IN 1862, the year of my arrival, Chicago had an estimated population of 120,000, distributed among its three divisions, both as to character and numbers, in about the same proportion as are to-day its approximately 2,500,000 inhabitants. The south division remains what it was then, the business center; but where now are several distinct foci in the general maelstrom, each comparable to the original nucleus, and sufficiently specialized to admit of geographical demarcation, the Court House in those days brooked no rivals. With its aspiring cupola, it so dominated the town that none could help looking up to it as something superior and apart—being, in fact, the only really tall object in sight, except when "Long John" happened to be taking an airing. If you wanted a hack you went to the Court House Square for it; and it was nearly the same if you were looking for a policeman, for several could generally be found hanging about there to prevent rival hackmen from murdering each other, or a combination of the pestiferous

crew from doing a stranger to death, both being not infrequent happenings. Anywhere else a policeman was seldom seen—outside of saloons. But, frankly, what better could one expect of men content to wear leather shields as insignia of authority? In those days the force was under a marshal, and that functionary was a mere satrap of the Mayor. Accordingly, in 1857, when "Long John" came to the head of affairs, being determined that the "copper" should not get above his business, he put the adage, "there is nothing like leather," to a practical test. Most people are aware that both "bobby" and "peeler," as slang for "policeman," date from Sir Robert Peel's ministry. But it is not so generally known that "copper," as another epithet of derision, is claimed to date from the mayoralty of John C. Haines, once somewhat widely known as "Copper-stock" Haines (because of some transaction in that metal), and hence its variants "cop," "fly-cop," and "sparrow-cop."

In a way, also, the Court House was everybody's monitor and guide. It told you when to rise, when to eat your dinner, when to knock off work, when to jubilate, when to mourn, and, above all, it helped you to locate fires; for the clang of its great bell could be heard in almost every part of the town. Aye, how it rang pæans of victory for Donelson, for Vicksburg, and Gettysburg, and finally for Richmond, when that stronghold fell! And

how its slow, solemn monotone voiced the anguish of all hearts, when the body of the slain Lincoln was borne through the shrouded streets of the mourning city, to rest for a day and a night beneath the dome of the city's capitol, that a stricken people might once more look upon the transfigured face of their beloved dead! And, finally, how it clanged, and clanged, and clanged again, on that fearful night of fire, each stroke heightening the terror that possessed the fleeing multitude, while the "fiend" that lashed the elements to such boundless fury, compelled it to sound its own death knell.

In 1862, the Court House Square was surrounded by an oddly assorted architectural hodgepodge, strikingly typical of the various stages of the city's development, from the primitive "frame" of the thirties, to the new, six-storied marble Sherman House, at this time the finest building in the city, as well as one of the best appointed hotels in the country. Because of the panic of 1857, and the subsequent war, the Chicago of this period represents a *status quo* of nearly a full decade. Thereafter, from 1865, down to the time of the fire, the city was in an exceptional state of flux, and so much of the dilapidation of former days disappeared, that it was in quite a large way a comparatively new downtown Chicago that was destroyed on October 9, 1871.

Where Washington Street bounds the Court

House Square (then enclosed by a high iron fence), there remained down to 1864 nearly a block of original prairie, a dozen feet below the plank sidewalk; and when, in 1863, the plot was tenanted by a winter circus, its patrons descended to their seats as into a cellar. When, in the middle sixties, the building boom set in, Smith & Nixon erected on the site now occupied by the Chicago Opera House, a fine Music Hall, which was opened, if I am not mistaken, with a concert by Gottschalk. Among other events I recall as taking place therein was a state billiard tournament, wherein Tom Foley, the veritable stand-by of to-day, won the State championship,—a circumstance which throws a calcium light on the status of the game at that period; a concert by "Blind Tom"; and a lecture by William Lloyd Garrison, on "Reconstruction."

In marked contrast to the vacant plot, and neighboring it on the corner of La Salle Street, stood one of the tallest steepled churches in the city, the First Baptist. This, in 1864, was taken down bit by bit and reconstructed on its present site, Morgan and Monroe streets, there becoming the Second Baptist. In its place rose Chicago's first fine Chamber of Commerce, to be followed after the fire by a second trade-temple of similar dimensions, only the outer walls of which now remain, as the substructure to a skyscraper.

The southwest corner, across La Salle

Street from the Baptist Church, calls for special mention. It was at this time occupied by a brick building of two stories and basement, among the first dwellings of that material erected in Chicago. It was originally the home of P. F. W. Peck, and before it was demolished, about 1867, after a somewhat checkered existence, it had been some years the headquarters of the police department, with a calaboose in the basement.

The old landmark was succeeded by one of the finest buildings in the city, with the Union National Bank for its chief tenant. After the fire the bank was temporarily domiciled at the northwest corner of Market and Madison streets, which one-sided locality—with Field, Leiter & Co.'s establishment, both wholesale and retail, on the northeast corner, and the Board of Trade opposite—became for a time the business focus of the city. Within a year or so, the old Peck residence site was rehabilitated with an even more substantial building than the one destroyed; and so this intersection, when the Chamber of Commerce had been rebuilt, became once again the city's chief business center. In addition to the Union National Bank, then the leading financial institution in the West, the new building accommodated the Western Union Telegraph Company, the Associated Press, the Western Army Headquarters (in charge of General Philip Sheridan), another bank, and many important interests

besides. Nevertheless, though of goodly size, this structure was in 1893 ruthlessly razed to give place to the present Stock Exchange building. Thus, in its various stages, this corner has been pre-eminently typical of the city's vicissitudes and progress; while the frequent changes in its physical aspect emphasize the difficulties of the chronicler in undertaking to reproduce with certitude any particular epoch in the city's physical history.

Besides the Sherman House and the Baptist Church, almost the only other salient feature on the four fronts facing the Square was the Larmon Block of four stories, on the northeast corner of Washington and Clark streets, having for its tenant on the upper floor Bryant & Stratton's Business College, a fact that was announced to the wayfarer by a sign so conspicuous as almost to belittle the Court House dome as an object of attention. The ground floor was occupied by J. T. & E. M. Edwards, jewelers; Julius Bauer, pianos; J. M. Loomis, hatter; Root & Cady's music store, and Buck & Raynor's drug store. Others on Clark Street facing the Square, and running north in the order noted, were: Ambrose & Jackson (colored), caterers; Bryan Hall entrance; George Tolle, surgical instruments; E. J. Hopson, millinery; "Anderson's" (a restaurant presided over by John Wright, who a few years later opened in Crosby's Opera House the first really "swell" resort in the

city); "Campbell's," hair jewelry; J. Gray, wigs; E. A. Jessell, auctioneer (a "Peter Funk," if ever there was one); while on the corner of Randolph there lingered a senile frame construction, in color a dirty yellow, on the second floor of which Carter H. Harrison, Sr., along with other luminaries, devoted himself to the acquisition and exudation of lore more or less legal.

On Randolph Street, corner of La Salle, stood a four-story brick, and all the rest of the block between that and the Sherman House presented a depressed line of two-story tumble-down frames, dating from the thirties, the street floors devoted to free-lunch resorts, while the second stories were polluted by so-called "justice" offices, and their "shyster" hangers-on.

In general it may be said that only the Clark Street frontage of the four sides of the Square was in touch with business—all the rest being as much out of it as the unsettled prairie. The La Salle Street side was made up largely of forsaken residences; and it was not until several years later, when the Chamber of Commerce was established at Washington and La Salle, that the region thereabout came into demand for business purposes—though when it did, it jumped at one bound into the front rank.

The Metropolitan Block, on the northwest corner of La Salle and Randolph streets, was

a somewhat notable landmark. Metropolitan Hall on its third or upper floor, was prior to the building of Bryan Hall (about 1860) for many years the most capacious place of assembly in the city, and many notabilities, not only of national but international fame, had attracted crowds within its walls. Often it was decked and garlanded for fairs and balls; and it was here (not so very long before the big fire in which he lost his life) that John McDevitt, he of the velvet touch, played the famous game of billiards, 1,500 points up against Joseph Dion, which he finished while his opponent had hardly a button to his credit, with a run of 1,457—a feat that forced the "sharps" to put their heads together, led to the barring of the push shot and other helps to big records, and so put the game for championship honors on an entirely new basis. And in the basement of the block there was then, and had been for many years, as there is still, a "Quincy No. 9," a relic of the days when the boys "ran wid de masheen," and which, during its more than half a century of existence, had scored an unexampled record of continuous performance.

Let us now ascend the dome of the Court House. The climb is not so wearisome in fancy as in the olden days it was in fact, when it was a favorite youthful diversion. Near the top we shall find a circular balcony, specially designed for sight-seeing, and let that be our

place of observation. In an atmosphere as yet undefiled by the soot of ten thousand factories, a pleasing panorama unfolds itself. Naturally you are amazed to note how clearly the sand hills of Michigan, beyond the shimmering waters of the lake, thirty miles away, glint in the sunlight. Truly it would take a miracle to catch a glimpse of them now, even from the top of the Auditorium Tower, except perchance for a moment after some phenomenally clearing storm from the east.

As you gaze about, you may realize why Chicago was once generally known as the "Garden City." First note those broad stretches of lovely green, due to tree-lined Wabash and Michigan avenues,—and observe how richly the neighborhood of Cottage Grove Avenue is wooded, and the area of verdure widens as you follow it southward to Hyde Park. The building in the midst of a forest of uncommonly large oaks, at about Thirty-fifth Street (then outside of the city limits), is the old Chicago university, founded by Stephen A. Douglas, who at the time of his death (1861) owned much of the land in its vicinage.

Although the foreground, westward, is fairly inviting (for not only are most of the streets tree-bordered, but here and there large, unoccupied spaces refresh the eye with their rich green), it is really not until you turn fully to the north, and a bit to the east, that a climax of verdure is revealed. What we now behold is a magnif-

icent natural forest in the midst of a city,—or is it not better to say that the city here plays hide and seek in the forest? Either way, it is a dream. The noble, lake-bordered expanse is divided into lordly domains, embellished with lovely gardens. From this height the north division, east of Clark Street, and to the farthest limits, presents an unbroken stretch of woodland, as if the Lincoln Park of to-day (then in part a cemetery, and for the rest primeval forest) came down to North Water Street. Not only is every street shaded, but entire wooded squares contain each only a single habitation, usually near its center, thus enabling their fortunate owners to live in park-like surroundings.

These spacious domains exhibit a native growth remarkable for its variety. The Hon. Isaac N. Arnold is at this period the proud owner of one of these preserves, acquired in the thirties when this region was first platted, and when entire squares, at opportune times, were bought for less than the present value of a single lot, with fifty or more to the square. Mr. Arnold's plot retained much of its original aspect up to the fire, and he could point out among other varieties of timber (as he loved to do) fine specimens of oak, ash, maple, cherry, elm, birch, hickory and cottonwood. And to think that in a single night all this wealth of nature disappeared as if it had never been.

Others who occupied entire squares in prox-

imity to Mr. Arnold, with say Rush and Ontario streets as an approximate center, were such well-known old-timers as ex-Mayor William B. Ogden, Walter L. Newberry, Mark Skinner, H. H. Magie, and a little farther north, E. B. McCagg and Mahlon D. Ogden; while the detached mansion of many another stood in grounds of approximate dimensions.

Once again let us sweep the horizon and make a note of salient features. South of Twenty-second Street (then known as Ringgold Place) scattered buildings mark the course of Cottage Grove Avenue. Between Thirty-second and Thirty-fifth streets, and running about an equal distance westward from the avenue, is a high-boarded enclosure, filled with temporary barracks. In the early days of the war this served as a recruiting camp, but now it holds in durance ten thousand or more "Johnny Rebs," corralled at Forts Henry and Donelson, and Island No. 10.

Half a mile or more west of the camp is a clearing, for the most part owned by "Long John." In a few years a part will become the Chicago Driving Park, with an incidental base-ball field. And later still a larger part will be occupied by the Union Stock Yards, with the Dexter Trotting Park just south of them. When this happens, in the later sixties, much of the territory between the Stock Yards and Twenty-second Street is still unoccupied prairie, but shortly the great "Long John tract" is

opened to settlement, and Wentworth Avenue is extended through to the west of it.

From its beginning for nearly a mile, the Archer Road is thinly settled. Then come clusters of large, low constructions. These are either slaughter or packing houses, with a glue factory and some rendering establishments thrown in to heighten the malodorous effect. You are now gazing on Bridgeport, a settlement beyond the corporate limits. It is a place with a reputation. Both morally and physically it is a cesspool, a stench in everybody's nostrils, especially when there is a breeze from the southwest.

Except for a fringe of structures along the South Branch, the entire section that lies between Archer and Blue Island avenues is largely unsettled marshland, in part known to old settlers as "Hardscrabble." The present great lumber district, with its teeming factories, is little better than a bog. At this time the lumber yards are strung along the South Branch, north of Eighteenth Street, with a bunch at the mouth of the river, while grain elevators (though by no means the leviathans of to-day) break the skyline at different points along both the South and North Branches. Our sweep has taken in the source of Chicago's early greatness—the "Big Three"; for already it is able to announce to an amazed world that it is the foremost grain mart, lumber market, and packing center of the world. And the

pride, that thereat swelled the collective Chicago bosom, crops out occasionally in individual exhibitions of "chestiness" even to-day.

West of Aberdeen, and south of Adams Street, land is still in the market by the acre. Peter Schuttler has just domiciled himself on the outskirts in what is the most pretentious residence in the city—and, following the example of the North Side gentry, has placed his mansion in the centre of extensive grounds. The region between Adams and Lake streets, to Union Park, is fairly built up; but beyond that point (best known as Bull's Head) the habitations are few and far between; yet the horse cars are pushing to Western Avenue, in the hope that population will follow, for at this period their revenue is largely derived from Sunday pleasure-seekers, bound for various outlying groves. The northwestern part of the town is still practically unsettled, and from about Centre Avenue and Lake Street one can cut across to Milwaukee Avenue (better known as the Milwaukee or Northwestern Plank Road) without other obstruction than the old Galena Railroad track. On the North Branch are some tanneries, and a tall chimney marks the site of Ward's Rolling Mill, later to become the nucleus of the huge collection to be known as the North Chicago Rolling Mills. O. W. Potter is at this time Captain Ward's superintendent. In the north division the building line halts at North Avenue.

The site of Lincoln Park is to remain for some time a most forbidding locality, for ghosts walk there. Beyond lies thickly wooded Lake View. And it is an off summer's day when some German society does not hold a picnic there.

Before closing with the general view, let us note the fact that expansion from the main nucleus proceeds in narrow lines (somewhat like the spokes of a wheel), showing large acres of unsettled prairie between. These settled lines mark the whereabouts of plank roads, known as Archer, Blue Island, South Western (now Ogden Avenue), Northwestern (now Milwaukee Avenue), Clybourne, etc. Fortunately these exits from the early settlement were retained in this subsequent platting, and now constitute most convenient avenues to facilitate rapid transit. The first settlers in the outlying lowlands were wise in sticking close to what then most resembled solid ground, for away from planked roads danger lurked in every rood of ground, and during rainy seasons wading was a frequent alternative for walking.

Ellsworth's Zouaves

[Paper read at a meeting of the Survivors of the United States Zouave Cadets by Henry H. Miller, at the residence of Colonel Edwin L. Brand, 1918 Michigan Avenue.]

COLONEL Ephraim Elmer Ellsworth was born April 11, 1837, at Malta, Saratoga County, New York. He was the eldest son of Captain Ephraim D. Ellsworth, who in 1860 was living at Mechanicsville, Saratoga County, New York. To distinguish himself from his father he wrote his name Elmer E. Ellsworth. He received a good common school education, and at 18, in 1855, he came to Chicago. He was employed as a clerk in the office of Devereaux of Salem, Massachusetts, a solicitor of patents. Mr. Devereaux gave up his business shortly afterwards, and young Ellsworth commenced reading law, in the meantime earning a scanty support by what copying he could find to do in lawyers' offices.

He was a young man of fine appearance, of medium height, slim, but strong and compactly built, with black, curling hair, which he always wore rather long, and keen hazel eyes. He always had quite a martial turn, and among his early boyhood dreams was a West Point

education and an army career. As he could not obtain a cadetship at West Point, his thoughts naturally turned to the militia, as it was then found in all cities of any size. He did not connect himself with any company, but turned his attention to physical culture in the gymnasium.

At this time he was exceedingly poor, and his struggle to maintain a respectable appearance and not go too hungry was severe, but he always considered that the privileges of a well-appointed gymnasium were more desirable than the luxury of a hotel or a fashionable boarding-house table. The fact that he could not afford the expense of a membership with any of the militia companies, perhaps, caused him to be critical of these organizations, as they then existed, and some memoranda of his plans for better and more effective militia organization are still preserved by an old friend in Chicago. They show that he had given the subject much careful thought, and was dreaming of the time when he might have enough influence to have these plans carried out for the good of the entire country.

The Crimean War in Europe was but just over, and the tales of the efficiency and valor of the French Zouaves caused him to make comparisons with the heavy infantry of the British, which was accoutred in the traditional close-fitting clothes, high stocks, cumbersome belts, and heavy equipments. He saw the pic-

tures in the illustrated papers of the Zouaves—loosely clad, with unconfined limbs, and in every respect in "light marching order"—scaling walls, swarming over parapets, nimble, active, irresistible. How much better and effective than the old style. The Zouaves were small, but their rapid movements made them more than a match for greater numbers of tall, stately grenadiers of the old school.

At about this time he became acquainted with a Frenchman—Dr. Chas. A. DeVillers—from Algiers, who had seen service in the Crimea with the "Chasseurs D'Afrique," and with him no doubt discussed the advantages of this light infantry. Dr. Villers was an expert swordsman, and Ellsworth was one of his best pupils.

With a musket and a copy of Scott's and Hardee's "Tactics" in his room he studied out improvements in the "Manual of Arms" as given in these authorities. He was always trying to shorten and quicken all movements, sometimes using Scott and sometimes Hardee, sometimes a combination of both, but always striving to get something more rapid and better than either. He practiced until he was proficient. The same course of revision and change was made in bayonet and skirmish drills as taught by old authorities. And now all that was lacking was a company on which to try these improvements.

For several years there had existed in the city

a military company of the old school—continental or at least semi-continental uniforms—broad crossbelts, bearskin hats, ponderous, slow and heavy—a company of drum majors with muskets. They drilled according to Scott, and shouldered arms with hand under the butt plate. They had learned all there was in the "Tactics," and having nothing new to learn the interest of their members died out. Their debts increased, and they went into bankruptcy in April, 1859.

Ellsworth's great opportunity was at hand. With the assistance of some of the old members who had seen him fence with Villers and "sling a musket" in his new "lightning drill," a new company was organized on the ruins of the old "National Guard Cadets" and called the United States Zouave Cadets, with Ellsworth commandant. Their armory was changed to the Garrett Block, where Central Music Hall now stands. Interest and members increased from the start, and July 4, 1859, the Zouaves gave their first exhibition drill in front of the Tremont House. Their new and startling uniforms, rapid movements, and brilliant and showy manual of arms and bayonet drill, captured the spectators, and their popularity as a company was assured.

At the National Agricultural Fair held in Chicago September 14, 15 and 16, 1859, the company drilled for a stand of colors and the championship of militia. This drill was on

September 15, 1859. They carried off the colors, but as only one company came in competition with them there was some complaint from militia companies in other cities at the award of the championship under the circumstances. This complaint and the Zouaves' method of meeting it furnished the cause of all their future efforts, which led to the national fame of Ellsworth and his Zouaves.

Following is the gauntlet that was thrown down:—

"Chicago, Sept. 20, 1859. The National Agricultural Society at their seventh annual fair awarded to the United States Zouave Cadets of Chicago a stand of champion colors, which any company of militia or of the regular army of the United States or Canada are welcome to if they can win them in fair contest. For terms of drill, etc., apply to

E. E. Ellsworth,
Col. Comdg. U. S. Zouave Cadets."

The company was much criticised by the press of the entire country for its audacity and presumption in issuing such a challenge to older and presumably better drilled companies. Regular army officers and officers of companies in old Eastern cities—and especially of New York—were particularly sneering in their widely published remarks, and as for Southern cities, it was to them almost a declaration of war, and was answered in their usual fire-eating style.

The Zouaves met at their armory, and resolved not only to stand by their challenge, but to make it still stronger, and a supplementary one was issued, which was in substance as follows:—

They would bind themselves to pay the entire expenses, including railroad fares to and from the contest, of any company in the United States or Canada that would come to Chicago and win the colors at any time most convenient between then and June 20, 1860, at which time they proposed to start on a tour to all the principal cities of the country, where they would meet and drill with any company that, for any reason, could not come to Chicago in acceptance of the former terms and challenge.

"Further, if the colors are retained by us we shall claim for the City of Chicago and the State of Illinois the honor of military championship of the United States and Canada."

It was now agreed by all the company that no efforts in the way of hard and continuous drill, and strictest and most exacting discipline, should be spared to carry out their resolve to defend their colors and save them from capture. The rules which each member was required to subscribe to and keep on pain of instant expulsion from the company show this and are here given. They are as much a "new departure" in rules for military companies as were their uniforms and style of drill. They were drawn up by Ellsworth, and adopted by the company as follows:—

"Whereas, we are desirous of uniting together as an organization, which will give us an opportunity of gaining that exercise and relaxation necessary to all, and at the same time be a source of improvement, not only physically, but morally free from all the objections usually urged against military companies; and,

"Whereas, we are convinced that organizations of this kind, as at present constituted, cannot be made to answer these ends,

"Resolved, that from the date of these resolutions the following shall be, and are declared, offenses against our organization, punishable by expulsion, publication in the Chicago papers of the offender's name and forfeiture of his uniform and equipments to the company:—

"1. Entering a drinking saloon at any hour, day or night, except when compelled by imperative business which cannot be transacted by proxy, in which case a statement of the facts must be made to the company immediately after its occurrence.

"2. Entering a house of ill-fame under any circumstances or pretext whatever.

"3. Entering a gambling saloon, or gambling for any sum of money or article, under any circumstances or pretext.

"4. Playing billiards in any public hall or saloon. This is interdicted, not because of any objection to the game as an elegant

amusement to those who can afford it, but because for a young man it is a step towards the other offenses named, and the excitement and associations of the billiard saloon naturally lead to drinking.

"Resolved, that as it is the first duty of every cadet to avoid any temptation to break the rules, so it is his second, when any infraction of them comes to his knowledge, to report the same to the company in the manner described in Sec. 12, company regulations, and that they may take such action as will guard against repetition of the offense. Therefore, when it is proved that any cadet has been cognizant of any infraction of these rules and has not communicated the same to the company, he shall receive the same penalty as the delinquent.

"Resolved, that as the want of occupation and amusement is the chief cause of dissipation, we will at once complete our reading and chess rooms, and add by every means in our power to the attractions of our armory.

"Resolved, that hereafter, in the event of sickness of one of our members, we will, if circumstances require it, take care of him and afford him all the assistance in our power.

"Resolved, that each member provide himself, as soon as possible, with a badge, consisting of a gold star shield, with a tiger's head in the center and name of corps engraved on the star, which will be worn conspicuously on the

breast or watch chain, so that the public may know them as cadets and judge for themselves of the manner in which the foregoing resolutions are observed.

"Resolved, that in case of any of our members losing his situation, each member of the corps shall be bound to make all reasonable effort to procure him employment, and if his necessities require it he shall, as long as he remains in good standing and out of employment, receive from the company an allowance weekly, sufficient for his subsistence.

"In adopting these rules we are aware of the responsibility we assume and that we run the risk of diminishing to some extent the strength of our company, but we are convinced that any of our members who has not the moral courage and self respect to live up to these principles, has not stamina sufficient to be a credit to our corps, and while we will use all reasonable efforts to induce all the men to remain with us and others to join in the hope of extending the benefits of these principles, yet rather than depart in the slightest degree from these rules we will part from them, although it reduces our company to a dozen men."

February 2, 1860, the final preparations to get the company in perfect readiness for their tour among the large cities of the country commenced. The following is on the records of the company:—

"Colonel Ellsworth addressed the company at length on the subject of program for the ensuing six months. He said in substance: Having decided to make the tour they must give up everything, except business and the company. All visits to the theaters, calls on friends, parties, etc., must be sacrificed. Every evening, Sundays excepted, must be devoted to drill from seven to eleven, from now until the 20th of June, besides several days must be spent in field practice and skirmish drill. A vote sustained Colonel Ellsworth's views."

Requirements of the drill were exceedingly strict, and short work was made of those who failed to comply with all the rules. From the time of organization until the start on the tour over two hundred musters were on the rolls of the company and only forty-seven of them "carrying a knapsack" remained faithful to the end and stood an ordeal of drill and discipline that it is safe to say has never been paralleled by any similar organization. Those whose courage failed withdrew; others were expelled. There is a record of the expulsion at one time of twelve of some of the best drilled men in the company for drinking.

Drill commenced at 7:15. At 8:45 coffee and sandwiches were served. Drill continued from 9 to 10:30. If any member urged any excuse, such as indisposition or fatigue, the Colonel would order him to take a seat on the

bench and "watch the other boys do it." The men on the bench were called "the sore toes" by their comrades and in a short time the bench was little used.

The drill was never without knapsacks. The weight of a properly packed knapsack was ascertained and that weight had to be carried. For uniformity all had hair cut alike. A mustache and goatee was only allowed to be worn, and some half a dozen who could not comply with this requirement were placed as "rear rank men" and subjected to many jokes from the "bearded pards." Part of the drill was with gymnasium appliances—horizontal bars, ladders, etc. Preparatory to this arms would be stacked and then at "double quick" each man would jump on the bars and climb over the ladders, using the hands only. It seemed like a treadmill, but it developed athletes. In a month of such work all the weaker ones dropped out and only the "stayers" remained. It was the "survival of the fittest." On account of the death of Colonel Ellsworth's brother—a member of the company—the starting date was put off from June 20th until July 2d. During the entire month of June the men slept in the armory—"tattoo," 10:45; "taps," 11; and "reveille," at 6 a.m., the men to be in line for roll call before the last note sounded. They were then dismissed in time for their breakfast and their daily business in their stores and offices. Colonel Ellsworth

had a most pleasant and persuasive way of talking to his men and all his suggestions were listened to and obeyed, but he appeared to be a perfect tyrant "on duty."

The start was made July 2d, with knapsacks weighing twenty-three pounds, which were worn on drill during the entire trip.

The Colonel in his concluding address to the company, said: "By the Eternal, the first man who violates his pledge shall be stripped of his uniform and sent back to Chicago in disgrace, so help me God."

From Detroit a man was sent back. A cheap suit of citizen's clothing was bought for him and a railroad ticket provided. He was the only one, but there is an amusing incident related of an exhibition drill in the fair grounds at Syracuse. Ellsworth was drilling in the skirmish drill, and owing to the distance at which he stood two of the men failed to hear his usually clear and distinct voice in one of the orders given. As a result a blunder was made in the, until then, absolutely perfect drill. The Colonel was disappointed and angry, and his reprimand, given the two delinquents in the presence of the company and vast audience, contained some words to the effect that the men should be "stripped and sent home." After the drill was over, and at the armory, where the Colonel was in a crowd of enthusiastic admirers receiving compliments as to his finely drilled company, these two reprimanded men

appeared before him with no clothes save their underwear. They "took the position of a soldier" and gravely saluted.

The Colonel looked at them with surprise and said:—

"What does this mean?"

"We report for clothes and transportation."

"Clothes and transportation?"

"Yes, sir."

"O yes, now I remember. Well, boys, put on your uniforms. You need not go back to Chicago to-day."

One of these two men was Lieutenant George H. Fergus of Chicago. He was with Ellsworth in the Fire Zouaves and with him at his death in Alexandria. Lieutenant Fergus laughs heartily over the incident now, though it was serious enough then.

The march east was one continued series of triumphs. The country was electrified by their wonderful drill. The press accounts of the day were most enthusiastic, and the militia—well, the militia companies of the cities through which they passed would not drill with them, but most cordially acknowledged their superiority and were loud in their praises. Such "alignments," "correct distances," "wheels," "perfect time," "musket slinging," "bayonet practice," "ground and lofty tumbling," were "most wonderful."

And this from men and companies who had a short time before laughed at the presumption

of a lot of green boys "in wanting to drill in competition with companies that had 'revolutionary ancestry' as organizations." It was, indeed, complimentary. Their march was continued in triumph, and only one old company ever faced them in uniform for drill, and that company, a picked one of the Seventh New York, under command of Captain, afterward General, Alexander Shaler, was their escort to West Point. This drill was, by "special request," only an exhibition, and not in any sense competitive, as they acknowledged the superiority of the Zouaves and voluntarily yielded them the palm.

New York City was reached by boat and the landing was thronged with eager crowds to see the now famous Zouaves. They were received by a detachment of the Sixth New York, Colonel Pinkey commanding, at Cortlandt Street dock. The arrival of their boat, the *Isaac Newton*, was hailed by a salute of nine guns fired by a detachment of Company F, Fourth New York. The march to the Astor House, where they breakfasted, was greeted by deafening cheers and the cordiality of their reception was assured.

Breakfast over the line of march was up Broadway to Union Square, down Fourth Avenue to the bowery and Grand Street, thence to the Sixth Regiment Armory, corner of Center Street where they were received with loud cheers of "Welcome Zouaves," by

the thousands collected about the Armory. The New York Eighth, drawn up at the entrance of the Armory, to receive the Chicago "Red Breeches," gave them "nine and a tig-a-r" as they marched into the Armory. When guns were stacked Colonel Ellsworth ordered the men to acknowledge the welcome of the Sixth and Eighth regiments with their own cheer: "One-two-three-four-five-six-seven—tig-a-r—Zouave" repeated three times with as much precision as appeared in their movements when the order "Load in nine times" was given. The men were then dismissed, but requested by the Colonel to "keep limbered up" for the great competition drill in front of the City Hall in the afternoon, when they supposed they would meet a company of the finest picked "experts" of all the old veteran militia regiments of New York City.

They were disappointed. They drilled at the appointed time to a large audience, but without any competitors. This drill is described in "Frank Leslie's" of June 28, 1860, as follows, and their artist was "on the spot," as almost the entire pictorial space of the paper testifies:—

It having been announced that the Chicago Zouaves would drill in the Park at half-past two o'clock, over ten thousand people assembled in front of the City Hall long before that time. The drums were heard in the distance and shortly the front of the Sixth Regiment escort under Captain D. Schwartz was seen wheeling into the Park at the west entrance. In the meantime Major-General Sanford and Major Wood,

arm in arm, followed by several of the Board of Common Councilmen and a number of casually invited citizens, descended the steps and took positions on a covered platform in front. The escort of the Sixth marched, headed by the Eighth Regiment, in good step and dress and came into line on the east side of the Park. The Zouaves followed, headed by their young commander, Colonel E. E. Ellsworth, and immediately clapping of hands and plaudits were heard. To those of the spectators near the steps of the City Hall they came into view before the head of the Sixth had marched to the front of the hall. After the eye rapidly passed over the familiar blue coat and white pants of our own regiments the striking gay uniforms of the cadets with their flowing red pants, their jaunty crimson caps, their peculiar drab gaiters and leggings, and the loose, open blue jacket with rows of small thickly set, sparkling buttons, and the light blue shirt beneath exposing the neck, all in the midst of the sober broadcloth of the crowd, entirely riveted the gaze of the spectators. As they came steadily into view they moved with the same unity of step and regard for distance and dress, but also with an ease of motion, a kind of dashing confidence and elasticity which we do not see in any of our own companies. They flanked to the right and filed to the left; at the word "front" like a flash each man was in his place and almost jumped there, not abruptly, but most easily, and there was no after motion, no closing in, or moving up to the center or on to the flanks. They came to a "shoulder" and then to an "order." The effect was electric, and one felt at once after noting the confidence in each man's eye, and the faultless positions throughout the ranks, that a body of men stood there that would do as much as had been promised for them. Both the escort and the Zouaves passed in review before the Major and General Sanford, as usual, the first in "common time" and then in "quick time." As the Zouaves marched around the cheers were

vociferous. The step and dress were faultless and so was the wheeling, which was comparatively an easy matter, as there were only eight fronts of men in each platoon. One thing was especially noticeable in the ranks; not a hand was swinging, the Captain and Lieutenants, of course, moving with less uniformity through the tactics.

The account goes on to quite a length, most accurately and minutely describing all of the drill, and from the language used and the very particular descriptions of the most difficult although not always the most showy parts of both company drill, manual of arms, bayonet exercise, skirmish and open order drills, it is evident the reporter was a well trained militia man, and was up in Scott and Hardee, and, though a New Yorker and with every inducement in his pride of his city and its splendid militia to find all fault possible, he had only praise and commendation to give the Zouaves for their "unparalleled" and "unequaled" exhibition.

At this time in the tour of the Zouaves their treasury was absolutely empty. They did not start from Chicago with much of a fund for expenses, and since starting, an appeal to friends there had brought them $500, but this was now exhausted, as well as the funds that the members had individually. They proudly kept their own council, however, and though they could count on about two invitations for meals daily, the third meal was sadly missed, as the rigor of their drills required it.

Now help came from an unexpected quarter. A request signed by a number of "prominent citizens" came to Colonel Ellsworth to allow his Company to drill in the Academy of Music, admission to be charged, and the net receipts to go to the Company. Ellsworth was not in favor of this from notions of pride. Some of the men, however, forced him to yield to the demands of their empty stomachs, and an acceptance was sent. In the history of the Company he had ruled it absolutely, and now positions were for the first time reversed.

The Academy of Music drill was in every way a grand success—a crowded house (and crowds turned away) at one dollar per head, a wildly enthusiastic audience, and over $2,000 as net receipts. In speaking of this drill, and to show how entirely Ellsworth and his Zouaves had captured New York, one of the great daily papers said in an editorial:—

> The military furore has reached its climax. The gentle muses are dethroned. Mars is now celebrated!!! No company in the world could compete with the Chicago Zouaves.

Their campaign at Boston was but a repetition of that at New York, and their reception was most gratifying and enthusiastic. Beside a number of public outdoor drills in the presence of vast crowds, another "special request" drill was given in one of the theaters which put over $1,000 in the treasury. One of the boys

remarked: "It is a great pity they do not build larger theaters here in Boston."

They returned to New York and by special request and with an escort of a company of the finest drilled and best appearing men that could be found in the regiment, then considered the most "crack" of any regiment in the country, the New York Seventh, they went to West Point. Lieutenant General Scott, Commander-in-Chief of the army, and General Hardee, "Old Tactics Himself," saw the drill, which was at first the "Ellsworth Zouave Manual."

Some friend of Colonel Ellsworth reported to him that General Hardee was somewhat critical in his remarks, saying, "It was only showy and not at all practical."

Colonel Ellsworth now ordered, "According to Hardee," and the drill was continued in a way that completely astonished its author. He became very much interested, indeed, and of the loading and firing drill said it was "perfect," but that he noticed that the men turned their heads slightly and by the watch that they kept on each other were enabled to keep perfect time.

Colonel Ellsworth then ordered the men to shut their eyes, and with closed eyes the drill was equally well performed, and General Hardee said: "Most wonderful."

As a compliment to the venerable "Hero of Lundy's Lane" the cadets then went through

the manual "according to Scott," and in the most satisfactory manner. The company of the Seventh New York now had an inning, and all returned to New York.

Philadelphia and Baltimore were captured, in drill room parlance, "in one time and two motions." Washington was reached August 5th, and the cadets were invited to drill in the White House grounds before President Buchanan and a select company of Washington notables.

At Pittsburg, August 8th, a drill was given and a beautiful and valuable sword was presented to Colonel Ellsworth by the Duquesne Grays. (At the death of Colonel Ellsworth this sword was sent by the members of his old, Company then with him in the Fire Zouaves, to a most estimable young lady of Rockford, Illinois, to whom he was engaged to be married.)

At Cincinnati generous hospitality was extended to the Zouaves, and drills were given to admiring audiences, and at St. Louis this was repeated.

All this and much more in praises and compliments had been heralded through the land in the newspapers of the day, and the "March of Triumph of the Ellsworth Zouaves" was the leading news item.

When the Company arrived at Springfield, their own state capital, they were received with open arms. During the tour the members of the Company had been presented with all sorts

of souvenirs, and Colonel Ellsworth for the first time allowed discipline to be relaxed in that the boys were allowed to decorate their uniforms and knapsacks with these "trophies of war," consisting of fatigue caps, epaulets, swords, pistols, plumes, cartridge boxes, badges, medals, ladies' gloves, lace handkerchiefs, dried and faded flowers, etc., so their appearance on arriving at Chicago was unique and mirth-provoking.

Their train was delayed somewhat by an accident, but "all Chicago" patiently waited for them at the Alton Depot. When the train came in sight, salutes were fired, cannons boomed, bands played, torches were waved by both the "Wide-Awakes" and the "Ever-Readys," as in this event the party spirit of the great political campaign, then in progress, was laid aside. Everybody welcomed "Our Boys."

The Company returned to Chicago on Tuesday, August 14, 1860. They were escorted by all the city military companies, a large torch-light procession of both political parties, and a large body of citizens, to the "Wigwam Building" on the southeast corner of Lake and Market streets, where Mr. Lincoln had been nominated for President of the United States. The immense building was crowded to overflowing with enthusiastic admirers. After the reception ceremonies were concluded they were escorted to the Briggs House, where a magnificent banquet was spread.

Following are the members of Colonel Ellsworth's Company who went on the tour:—

Colonel Elmer E. Ellsworth, commanding.
†First Lieutenant Joseph R. Scott.
Second Lieutenant Dwight H. Laflin.
§Surgeon Charles A. DeVillers.
Paymaster James B. Taylor.
†First Sergeant James Rudolph Hayden.
*Second Sergeant Edward Bergen Knox.
Quartermaster Sergt. Robert W. Wetherell.
Color Sergeant Benet B. Botsford.

Frederick J. Abbey.
George V. S. Aiken.
John Albert Baldwin.
Joseph C. Burclay.
Merritt P. Batchelor.
William Berherand.
Augustus A. Bice.
†Samuel S. Boone.
Edwin L. Brand.
†James A. Clybourn.
*Edwin M. Coates.
*Freeman Canned.
William H. Cutler.
William N. Danks.
James M. DeWitt.
*George H. Fergus.
George W. Friend.
Henry H. Hall.
Louis B. Hand.
‡Charles H. Hosmer.
William Innis.
Louis L. James.
Ransom Kennicott.
Lucius S. Larrabee.
John Conant Long.
Waters McChesney.
Samuel J. Nathan.
William M. Olcott.
Charles C. Phillips.
Robert D. Ross.
B. Frank Rogers.
Charles Scott, Jr.
†Charles H. Shipley.
Charles C. Smith.
Charles W. Smith.
Clement Sutterly.
Ira Goodie True.
Smith B. Van Buren.
Henry S. Wade.
Sidney P. Walker.
*Frank E. Yates.

*Went into service in the army with Ellsworth in the Fire Zouaves as a Lieutenant.

†Went into service in the army with Nineteenth Illinois as a commissioned officer.

‡Died in Andersonville prison.

§Shot while swimming James River in escaping from Libby prison.

Of this company of fifty men it can be said: Forty-seven entered the army and served with distinction during the war. Many rose to high rank, both in volunteers and the regular army. Some are now on the active and others on the retired list of the army. Several were appointed to drill new regiments at the camps of rendezvous for such troops in the north, and one, Captain John Conant Long, who was appointed by General Grant as instructor at Camp Douglas, is said to have drilled as many as fifty regiments. They served in the different arms of the service as follows:—

In three battalions light artillery.

In three regiments cavalry.

In twenty-six regiments infantry.

In the signal service.

The influence of men drilled and disciplined as these were under Colonel Ellsworth and scattered through the entire army must certainly have been very great.

Shortly after the triumphant home-coming of the Zouaves, Colonel Ellsworth went to Springfield, Illinois, and entered the law office of Lincoln and Herndon as a student. He was quite effective as a campaign orator in Illinois

during the autumn of 1860. In February, 1861, he accompanied Mr. Lincoln to Washington for his inauguration as President on March 4th. The President obtained for him a commission as Lieutenant in the regular army and a detail for special duty in Washington. When Sumter was fired upon and the war began he was anxious to go at once into active service in the field, and to do this he resigned his commission as Lieutenant, went to New York City and obtained permission of the Chief of the Fire Department to recruit a regiment from among the firemen. He sent to Chicago for for some of the men of his old Zouave company, and they joined him at once. The rapidity with which this regiment—the Eleventh New York, usually called the "New York Fire Zouaves"—was recruited is shown by the fact that he arrived in New York April 17th, and on April 29th, over 1,100 strong, they embarked on the steamer Baltic for Washington, via Annapolis. They were mustered into service by General Irwin McDowell in the presence of President Lincoln in front of the Capitol, May 7th; the first regiment mustered in "for three years or during the war," others having enlisted for three months.

The morning of May 24th, about 3:30 o'clock, the regiment was transferred by three steamers—*Baltimore*, *Mt. Vernon*, and *James Gray*—to Alexandria, Virginia. On approaching the long walk at daybreak the rebel sentries

discharged their pieces and ran up town. The regiment landed, marched up the street, and halted, the right resting on Pitt Street.

Colonel Ellsworth, leaving Lieutenant-Colonel Noah F. Fernham in command, took from the right of Company A a squad of men and Sergeant Frank B. Marshall, and proceeded to the next street south, cut the telegraph wires, and passed on the opposite side of King Street, on the southeast corner of Pitt Street, to the Marshall House, to which his attention was called by seeing a large rebel flag flying from its top. After sending Sergeant Marshall back to the regiment for Company A, First Lieutenant E. B. Knox, commanding, he went inside the hotel, posting one of his escorts at the door, another on the first floor, another at the foot of the stairs, and Corporal Frank E. Brownell on the third floor. He ascended to the house top where he went to obtain a view of the surroundings. He secured the rebel flag, and in descending the stairs, which occupied three sides of a stairway hall, he heard a noise, immediately followed by a shot. Hastening down to ascertain the cause, he came around a turn just in time to receive the second charge of a double-barreled shot gun in the hands of James W. Jackson, the landlord. It was aimed at Brownell, who had knocked the gun up. The first charge, also intended for Brownell, entered the casing of the door at the foot of the stairs. Brownell then shot

Jackson, who was crazed with drink, having been on a spree for several days.[1]

Of Colonel Ellsworth many hostile criticisms have been published. He has been called tyrannical, vain, proud, and—in connection with accounts of his death—foolhardy. But these have all had their source, either from those who suffered from a necessary discipline agreed to by themselves and afterwards violated, or from friends of these men. Not one surviving member of the Chicago Zouaves who remained faithful to the end can be found who will agree with such criticisms. On the contrary they accord to him unparalleled fixedness of purpose, industry and clear-headedness in all matters pertaining to military affairs. When speculating on what "might have been" had he been spared to the army, they will say that the military history of the Fire Zouaves and that of the Army of the Potomac—with this leaven in its midst—might have been very different. They believe that on the roll-call of great captains, when this greatest of all wars closed, his name might have stood second to none.

[1]This account of the exact circumstances of the death of Colonel Ellsworth is from the late Lieutenant George H. Fergus, a member of Colonel Ellsworth's old Chicago Zouaves, and an officer in the Fire Zouaves, who was present at the time with the regiment outside the hotel. It is as he heard it many times from Corporal Brownell (now dead) who was the only witness.

The Chicago Convention

[Report of the Republican Convention of 1860, by Dr. Humphrey H. Hood, in the *Free Press* of Hillsboro, Illinois, now known as *The News Monitor*, and published in Litchfield. From the Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society.

Litchfield, Ill., May 24, 1860.

MR. EDITOR: On the eve of my departure for Chicago, I made you a promise to write you from that city, regarding the proceedings of the National Republican Convention. Upon my arrival, however, I found it altogether useless to do so, as it was quite impossible for my communication to reach you in time for the *Press* of last week. I propose now to give some account of my visit and my impressions of the convention, and the facts connected therewith as understood by me. We left the Litchfield station on the morning train on Tuesday, the 15th inst. Our company was not numerous at this point, but it received constant accession at each succeeding station, so that when we arrived at Mattoon, we were comfortably crowded. Here we changed cars, taking the Illinois Central. Our old friend, John Kitchell, found us at this point. After a short interval of waiting for the northern train, we again moved forward with a long train loaded with

"black Republicans," and at each station the cry was "still they come." At the crossing of the Great Western, a fresh inundation poured in upon us, but few of whom found better accommodations than the aisles afforded; but at Urbana, two additional cars were attached, which furnished seats for all. At the crossing we were joined by the future Governor of the State, Hon. Richard Yates. We arrived at Chicago at nine o'clock and at once hurried to the Metropolitan Hotel, where we were fortunate in securing a room with a cot for each of our company. After refreshing our inner man at the table, we proceeded to the famed Wigwam, and found a large audience assembled, listening to the Hon. Anson Burlingame. When I entered he was speaking of the certainty of a Republican triumph next fall, no matter who the standard-bearer might be. Of all possible candidates he spoke in terms of appropriate eulogy, paying just tribute to the talents and virtues of each. Of Lincoln he spoke as "the gallant son of Illinois, who fought that wonderful battle of 1858, the like of which had not been known since the time when Michael encountered and subdued the arch fiend."

To view the Wigwam alone, when crowded with its immense audience, was worth a visit to the Garden City. We hear of the meanness of Yankeetown, and the liberality of the southerner, but I think Chicago will lose nothing

in comparison with Charlestown. Let it be remembered that the Wigwam was built solely for the use of the Republican Convention, whereas the Democratic convention paid $500 per day for a hall in which to meet. The Wigwam is a substantial wooden building, admirably adapted to the purpose for which it was constructed; well ventilated, well lighted, and for speaking and hearing as well arranged as such a building could be. Its dimensions are 180 feet by 100. One-third of this space was assigned for the use of the convention, and was divided into a platform and two spacious committee rooms, one at either end. The platform was seated with settees and the space assigned to each delegation designated by placards on each of which was the name of the state represented. These were elevated so as to be seen from all parts of the building. The speaker's chair was at the rear of the platform and toward it all seats looked. On the wall immediately behind the chair were painted United States flags and the chair was canopied with flags. There were four other larger paintings on the wall representing "Justice," "Ceres," etc.

A portion of the floor in front of the platform was railed off and seated for the use of alternate delegates, members of the press, and the telegraph operators. Outside of this railing were found excellent standing accommodations for gentlemen not fortunate in holding

tickets and not accompanied by ladies. In this unfortunate category was your correspondent.

Extending round three sides were spacious galleries appropriated to the use of ladies and their escorts; these were always filled to overflowing. On the front of the galleries were painted the coats of arms of all the states. The roof was arched and well supported by posts and braces, as were also the galleries, and around all these twined evergreens intermingled with flowers. The whole space over the platform was festooned with evergreens and the tri-colors, the red, white and blue, and there were states enough to represent a whole firmament of stars.

It was announced in the morning papers of the 16th, that the doors would be open at eleven o'clock. Two hours before that time the crowd was sufficient to fill the vast building, assembled on Lake and Market streets, and when the doors were opened, the rush and pressure were terrific. I was in the center of the crowd and thought myself fortunate in escaping with whole bones. Nevertheless, I tried the experiment again in the afternoon, but that sufficed me. And, indeed, my subsequent experience proved that the better way to obtain an eligible position was to wait till the rush was over, and then quietly insinuate one's self through the crowd. In this way I never failed to obtain a position where the whole proceedings of the convention were open to me.

The first day but little of interest to outsiders occurred. Nothing was done beyond organizing and appointing the necessary committees. The morning of the second day was mostly taken up with the report of the committee on credentials, which was finally recommitted, some doubts arising as to the rights of the Texas delegates to cast a vote of that state. The report of the committee on business in regard to the rules that should govern the convention also excited some discussion. The committee recommended that on the vote for the president and vice-president, a number equal to the majority of 606 (of which number the convention would consist were all the states represented) should be required to nominate. A minority of the committee recommended that only a majority of all the delegates present should be required. This question was not disposed of when the convention adjourned. In the afternoon the minority report was adopted by a large majority. In regard to Texas the committee reported again in favor of the delegates from that state; the report was adopted amid enthusiastic cheering.

The committee on platform and resolutions also reported during this session. The platform appeared satisfactory to almost everybody in particular. Its reading elicited thunders of applause; particularly the sections in which freedom is affirmed to be the normal condition of the territories and in which protection to

home industry is recommended. With these and other sections the people could not be satisfied with one reading; but after shouting till one might suppose their lungs, if not their enthusiasm, were exhausted, they would demand the reading of them again, when they would again applaud with all the vehemence of the first demonstration.

On the motion to adopt the platform, Mr. Carter, of Ohio, demanded the previous question, which was not sustained. Mr. Giddings moved an amendment, which consisted in appending to the platform a quotation from the Declaration of Independence. This was deemed unnecessary, the truths of the Declaration being affirmed in the second section, and it was voted down. At this point, the *Missouri Republican* says, that Giddings left the convention, "shaking off the dust of his feet," etc. This is a pure fabrication on the part of that truthful journal. I had my eyes on Mr. Giddings during nearly the whole of the session, and he could not have left without my seeing him, and he did not leave. Mr. Wilmot proposed to amend the 14th section, by striking out the words, "or any state legislation," etc., regarding them as derogating from state sovereignty; but upon being assured by Carl Schurz that they were not intended to recommend any course of national legislation, but merely to express an opinion, he withdrew the motion.

Mr. Curtis, of New York, offered an amendment similar to that presented by Mr. Giddings. It being objected that it had already been voted down, and was therefore out of order, the chair so ruled; whereupon Mr. Blair, of Missouri, protested against the ruling and avowed his willingness to go before the convention on an appeal from the decision. He then explained that this motion proposed to amend the second section, whereas the amendment offered by Mr. Giddings was to be appended to the platform. The chair reversed his decision and the amendment was adopted, and then the platform was adopted unanimously. Pending a motion to go to a ballot for president the convention adjourned.

On the third day of the convention, it was called to order at ten o'clock. The New York delegation, and the Young Men's Republican Club of New York and many others in favor of the nomination of William H. Seward proceeded in procession from the Richmond House to the Wigwam. Many of them wore badges indicating their choice for the candidate, and they were all hopeful, and, indeed, confident that their favorite would be the favorite of the convention; but they were doomed to disappointment. The first ballot revealed the fact that Seward had more friends in the convention than any other man, but it also revealed the fact that he would not be nominated. On the first ballot the most determined

opponents of his nomination scattered their votes, and it was well known that Lincoln was their second choice. On the second ballot Seward gained 11, and Lincoln 79 votes; the former still having a majority. On the final vote when all the states had been called, Lincoln still lacked two votes of the required number. Then Carter, of Ohio, rose and amid breathless silence, announced that Ohio changed four votes from Chase to Lincoln. This was enough and for ten minutes nothing was heard but the roar of human voices and then came booming through the open doors and windows the voice of the first gun of the campaign. In five minutes from that time the dispatch from New York, 1,000 miles distant, announcing, "One hundred guns are now being fired in the park in honor of the nomination," was read in the convention.

Before the vote was counted State after State rose and changed its vote to Lincoln. Mr. Evarts, of New York, demanded: "Can New York have the silence of the convention?" Instantly every voice was hushed. He stated that he desired to make a motion and would inquire if the result of the ballot was announced. It was not; he would await that announcement. When the result was declared he took the floor, or rather a table, and in a speech which won the admiration of all that heard it, which was characterized alike by dignity, earnestness and deep devotion to the great statesman of New

York, he pronounced a most glowing eulogy upon William H. Seward. It might be deemed honor enough to be accounted worthy of such devoted friendship. At the close he moved that the nomination of Abraham Lincoln be declared unanimous, at the same time elevating high above him a life sized portrait of "Honest Old Abe."

The motion was first seconded by Blair, of Michigan. He said, "We give up William Henry Seward with some beating of the heart, with some quivering of the nerves, but the choice of the convention is the choice of Michigan." He was followed by Anderson, of Massachusetts, and Carl Schurz, of Wisconsin. This closed the morning session.

The convention reassembled at five o'clock and at once proceeded to vote for vice-president. Hannibal Hamlin was chosen on the second ballot. It may seem somewhat remarkable that Texas should vote steadily in the morning for Seward and in the afternoon cast six votes for Sam Houston. After appointing the committee the convention adjourned *sine die*.

In the evening a grand ratification meeting was held in the Wigwam. Pomeroy, Giddings, Yates and many others spoke. The banner of the "Young Men's Republican Club," of New York, attracted much attention, (they brought it with them) inscribed:
"For President....."
the blank to be filled, as they hoped, with the

name of William H. Seward, but, instead, it bore the name of Abraham Lincoln, thus:—

FOR PRESIDENT

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Thus ended the Chicago National Convention. May we not congratulate ourselves on the happy results of its labors? Those results have satisfied all Republicans.

The Cairo Expedition

[The Cairo Expedition, and the obtaining of arms for the Illinois troops. Paper read before the Chicago Historical Society by Augustus Harris Burley, at its annual meeting, 1890.]

AS the years go by, and one by one the actors in and spectators of the scenes of the War of the Rebellion pass away, it seems necessary and proper that all of us should make some record of what we saw or knew of the anxious and trying times in the spring of 1861.

The general history of the war has been written by a number of able authors; I wish, only, to add what came within my own knowledge, as to the part taken by Chicago at the beginning of the war.

From the time when the steamer *Star of the West* was fired upon, January 9, 1861, and driven to sea from the entrance to Charleston harbor, the people throughout the North were uneasy and excited, but no one could believe that a serious attempt would be made to disrupt the Union of the States or destroy a government that had existed for nearly a century, and which had been consecrated by the deeds and lives of so many noble men.

April 12, 1861, when the citizens of Charles-

ton, South Carolina, opened fire on Fort Sumter, and the gallant Major Robert Anderson, to save the lives of his soldiers, struck the Flag of our Country, the news went through the North like an electric shock. Quickly recovering from the stunning blow, the people felt that war had actually come, and though cheeks paled, lips were firmly set and eyes flashed, showing the determination by all patriots to stand shoulder to shoulder and preserve the Union and the government at any cost of life and treasure.

Friday evening, April 19th, a mass-meeting of citizens was held in Bryan Hall (now the Grand Opera House) at which patriotic speeches were made and resolutions were adopted to sustain the government, suppress the rebellion, and maintain the Union.

A subscription of thirty thousand dollars was immediately made, and a committee appointed to carry out the wishes of the people, as expressed, and to use the money in assisting the government.

The following named citizens were appointed as such committee:—

Edward H. Hadduck.	Julian Sidney Rumsey.
Laurin P. Hilliard.	Orrington Lunt.
Benj. F. Carver.	Phillip Conley.
Fred. K. Letz.	P. L. Underwood.
George Armour.	John James Richards.
Hiram E. Mather.	F. Granger Adams.
John L. Hancock.	Horatio Gates Loomis.

Robert Law.	George W. Gage.
Alexander White.	Charles G. Wicker.
Redmond Prindiville.	Gurdon S. Hubbard.
Edward I. Tinkham.	Thomas J. Kinsella.
Roselle Marvin Hough.	Eliphalet Wood.
Nelson Tuttle.	Homer E. Sargent.
John Gage.	U. H. Crosby.

(These names were obtained from *The Chicago Tribune.*)

Mr. Hadduck declining to act as chairman, I was requested to take his place. Samuel Hoard was secretary.

The Hon. Julian S. Rumsey gave the use of his building, 44 and 46 La Salle Street, without charge, and the committee was in session daily from early morning until late at night.

Reports were constantly made to the committee of traitors and treason, of threats to burn elevators, to blow up the powder-magazines, and to do other mischief, and thus aid the so-called confederacy. The committee had guards placed to watch all important and threatened buildings.

Not a keg of powder was permitted to be taken from any of the magazines, without the consent of the committee, who, before issuing a permit, had to be satisfied that it went into loyal hands for a legitimate purpose.

The arbitrary powers assumed by the committee could only be justified by such an

exigency, but all loyal citizens united in submitting to their restrictions and sustaining their acts.

April 19th the following dispatch was sent by Governor Richard Yates to General Richard Kellogg Swift, then commander of the militia of this military district:

> As quick as possible, have as strong a force as you can raise, armed and equipped with ammunition and accoutrements, and a company of artillery, ready to march at a moment's warning. A messenger will start to Chicago to-night.
>
> Richard Yates, Commander-in-Chief.

The morning of April 20th, Mr. John W. Bunn appeared, as the governor's messenger, and announced to General Swift and the committee, that all diligence should be used in raising and equipping the force, and that its destination must be kept a profound secret.

General Swift issued his orders for the militia to muster, but with the exception of a few independent companies, small in numbers, his force was composed of volunteers, all told to the number of 400, as per General Swift's telegram to Governer Yates, dated April 21st—the adjutant-general's report says 595, but he included some companies that did not arrive in time. The force included four cannon and forty-four horses.

The war-committee borrowed from a Milwaukee company fifty muskets, but the force was largely armed with squirrel-rifles, shot-

guns, single-barreled pistols, antique revolvers, and anything that looked as if it would shoot, that could be obtained from the gunstores, second-hand stores and pawnshops.

The State having neither money nor arms, our committee borrowed or bought the arms and commissary stores, and advanced from its funds the money necessary for the purchase of everything required that could be obtained on such short notice.

At eleven o'clock at night, April 21st, the expedition started from the Illinois Central Railroad Station, amid the cheers of the people and the screaming of the steam-whistles.

An expedition starting, as this did, for an unknown destination, you may conceive was a source of anxiety to all and especially to those whose sons, brothers, and husbands had gone. General Swift was without military training or knowledge, but he had with him the late General Joseph Dana Webster, then Captain, as aide, and to whom the governor gave the authority to supersede General Swift at any time should it become necessary.

After providing the force, the next thing was to get it to its destination before any advice could be given of it to the people of the southern part of the State. Some of our excited citizens wished the committee to take possession of the railroad and telegraph, but cooler counsel prevailed, and the railroad and telegraph companies' officers patriotically aided the authorities in

every way, thus preventing any knowledge of the expedition being sent in advance.

To this end, no telegrams were permitted to go over the lines, and the regular train on the Illinois Central Railroad was started at the usual hour, 7 p.m., but with orders to stop at a certain place until the military train had passed, giving to passengers, as an excuse for such delay, that some unavoidable accident, or other cause, prevented their going on. With this arrangement, the military train passed unheralded the length of the State, and rolled into Cairo to the astonishment of all, and rage of many of its citizens.

It seems strange that such secrecy should have been necessary in any northern state, but we were surrounded by traitors in Chicago, and a large proportion of the people of Southern Illinois sympathized with the South, and to the late Hon. Stephen A. Douglas and the noble General John A. Logan, we owe the salvation of our State from civil war within its borders.

Knowing the sentiment of the people, the fear was that they would destroy the long, wooden trestle-work across the Big Muddy River, which they could have rendered impassable in an hour, by burning it. There was also fear that the rebels would seize Cairo, as being a point of great strategic importance. It was afterward learned that Cairo would have been seized in forty-eight hours, had its occupation been delayed.

The Cairo Expedition

Preparing the expedition to Cairo brought us face to face with the fact that the State of Illinois had not, within its control, guns enough for one regiment. Indiana, Wisconsin, and Iowa sent agents here asking for arms. Michigan, in reply to the committee's request for a loan of arms, said they had none that could be spared, not having enough for their own men.

The committee, in view of the condition, decided to send East for arms, and gladly accepted the offer of Stephen Francis Gale to go in search of guns, and I have the pleasure of giving you his own account of the mission: —

A. H. Burley, Esq., President of the Citizens' Committee of the City of Chicago:

On the 20th of April, 1861, you informed me that I had been selected by your committee to proceed East for the purpose of procuring arms and ammunition for the troops of the State of Illinois.

Arrangements were quickly made for my departure, by obtaining, through R. N. Rice, Esq., superintendent of the Michigan Central Railroad, a free and unobstructed track to Detroit, and in one hour was on my way.

Wired the governor of Michigan to meet me at the station at Jackson for the purpose of obtaining, if possible, a temporary supply from the arsenal at Dearborn. His answer was: "We can not let you have a single musket, our State has called for more men than we can arm."

Reached Detroit in six hours and thirty minutes; wiring on my way to Mr. Rice to meet me on my arrival at the station, and meantime to make arrangements with the Great Western Railway for an engine

to take me to Niagara Falls; also to put me in communication with some one in high authority in Canada.

Mr. Rice at once prepared a letter to Hon. H. C. R. Beecher, the queen's counsel at London, who said he would lay my request before the government without delay and make answer to my request as soon as he could get a reply. On the 22d instant, I received a despatch, care of Erastus Corning, Albany, as follows:—

"Application unsuccessful," and evidently to explain delay adds: "Government does not take the telegraph as a means of communication. Why not try Lord Lyons?"

In my brief conversation with Mr. Beecher, I inferred that, however well disposed the government might feel, a want of precedent or want of authority might prevent the granting of my request.

My time through Canada was five hours and forty minutes. Mr. Rice, at my request, wired New York Central Railroad to "hold" east-bound express as long as possible, for special on its way.

The regular express was held for one hour; arriving forty minutes after its departure, I took a hot engine and overtook the express at Rochester.

On my arrival at Albany, called at once upon Mr. Corning, who promised every assistance in his power. He introduced me to Governor Morgan, who said, "There is an abundance of arms in the arsenals; every State can get them, and you can get all you want. If Governor Yates will send a special to Washington it might expedite matters. The Springfield Arsenal sent us eight thousand yesterday."

Tried to communicate with Washington, but found it impossible, as the wires were all cut, and the only means left was by *special messenger* to accompany troops, either from New York or Philadelphia.

Left a telegram for the secretary of war to be sent as soon as the line was in order.

The saving of time seemed so important, I hastened to Springfield, and after an interview with the super-

intendent of the arsenal, he said: "I see your necessities and will gladly do anything in my power to aid you in your efforts, but I have no authority to deliver arms except by an order of the secretary-of-war." To this I answered: "I understand your position fully, and will give you a guarantee from the best men in your city that such an order shall be forthcoming within a reasonable time." At this point friends came forward, and it was arranged that I should have five thousand stand of arms for the State of Illinois, a temporary receipt to be given, and proper vouchers to be furnished to the superintendent in the near future. The arms were boxed at once and delivered at the railway station.

While in superintendent's office for the purpose of obtaining special time table to run west to Albany, I received despatch from A. H. Burley, Chicago, saying: "Our State has twenty-one thousand arms from St. Louis this morning," also a second one from the same, saying: "We are supplied, do nothing more." Both of these despatches were under date of April 26th, and on same date received answer to my despatch to the secretary of war, saying:—

"An order has been issued and sent to the governor of Illinois for the required arms.

"Simon Cameron, Secretary-of-War."

My application to the commanding officer of the Watertown arsenal was successful, and on the 26th wired him as follows: "Send the ammunition, caps, etc., as soon as possible, by Boston & Albany Railroad, arrangements are made with the company to forward with dispatch. Mark ◇ Chicago, Ill."

S. F. Gale.

My application was for two hundred thousand rounds for smooth-bore muskets of the Springfield pattern. Advises from Chicago under date of May 2d, informed me that the ammunition was received.

While our committee's messenger was scouring the east for guns, Governor Yates was trying to get the United States arms from Jefferson Barracks at St. Louis, but as the barracks were surrounded by rebels, who were determined to take the arms for their own use, several gentlemen, some in high military positions, declined to undertake it; but General, then Captain, James H. Stokes offered to try and was successful, and I here give you his own account of his expedition, which *he* kindly prepared, at my request:—

CHICAGO, ILL., May 7, 1889.
AUGUSTUS H. BURLEY, No. 618 Opera House Block, Chicago.

My dear Sir,—In answer to your kind letter of the 4th inst., I take much pleasure in making the following statement:—

Immediately following the fall of Fort Sumter, in April, 1861, I was called to Springfield by letter from Governor Yates of Illinois, as his military adviser. A few days after my arrival there, Governor Yates stated that he had received a warrant from the war department at Washington, directing the ordnance officer at the St. Louis arsenal, to turn over to the governor of Illinois, eight thousand muskets (8,000) and ammunition. Governor Yates stating at the same time that he had in camp three thousand volunteers without arms—that he had offered the warrant to an officer of the regular army, who declined serving it, stating that it was impossible to execute it, as the arsenal grounds were surrounded by rebel troops. So strong was the apprehension that the rebels would frustrate this effort to relieve the arsenal, that I was sent from Springfield by

special railroad train, no one being permitted on the train but the conductor and the necessary employés.

Before leaving Springfield, I made arrangements with Mr. Mitchell, one of the owners of the Alton & St. Louis Steamboat Company, to meet me on the outskirts of St. Louis, on the evening of the second day thereafter. On reaching St. Louis, I walked down to the arsenal unobserved. Finding the outer gate choked by a great crowd of people, principally rebels, I met a picket guard and induced the sergeant to force an opening through the crowd, landing me inside of the arsenal gates.

Directed by the inside guard to the ordnance-officer's quarters, I gave him the warrant. After reading it, we went to Captain (Nathaniel) Lyon's quarters, commanding post, who, after reading the warrant expressed a decided opinion that it was impossible to move the arms in the face of the large rebel force then surrounding the arsenal, which was said to be about eight thousand strong, expecting daily to capture the arsenal and war-material. Captain Lyon was strong in his opposition. Captain Olcutt, of the ordnance corps, U. S. army, urged and assisted me in my efforts to convince the commanding officer that the arsenal and its contents would be surely captured by the rebel troops, therefore, it would be better to make the effort to remove, if possible, the ordnance stores. After a long and urgent appeal, Captain Lyon consented to comply with the demands of the warrant. Thereupon I started back to St. Louis to meet Mr. Mitchell by appointment, and settled upon the plan, and the time for sending his steamer to the arsenal, which was to be at 2 a.m., the following night, returning to the arsenal under cover of the night, and thereby escaping all notice. Our time was employed in trying to mislead the rebels. To this end Captain Olcutt the next day sent several boxes of old flint-lock muskets to the railroad depot, in St. Louis, as if for shipment. The boxes were greedily seized by the rebels with great exultation,

and much glorification was made on account of so important a capture.

While preparing the guns for shipment, as ordered by warrant from the war department, with the aid of Captain Olcutt, we were much occupied in trying to convince Captain Lyon that the call for only eight thousand guns would not relieve the arsenal from the intended attack of the rebels, and that it would be better for the country to remove all the guns in the arsenal to a safe place in Illinois, and leave the rebels nothing to fight for. Before the end of the day Captain Lyon accepted our view of the case, and consented that I should remove the larger portion of the arms, retaining only what was necessary to arm and equip the volunteers under his command.

The same night the steamer, *City of Alton*, from Alton, quietly floated down to the arsenal dock, reaching it about 2 a.m.

With a force of about four or five hundred volunteers, two thousand boxes of muskets, with the necessary ammunition, a complete light-artillery battery, with its ammunition were quietly placed on board the steamer. In all there were about twenty-three thousand (23,000) stand of arms.

During the evening and night of the shipment, seven or eight of the rebel spies were captured inside of the lines. After a satisfactory loading of the arms on the steamer was made, orders were given by the captain to cast off, and an attempt was made to start the steamer, but it was found to be hard upon a rock, and all efforts failed to move her by steam. It was then that Captain Lyon under the pressure of great excitement, backed by his expressed unwillingness to permit the arms to be taken away, accused me of treachery, with the intention of delivering the arms to the rebels. He knew that I was a Southerner by birth and education, and supposed me to be liable to any of his suspicions.

I bore his apprehensions as well as I could, and employed my efforts in having boxes and guns moved

from the bow, where the pressure was the greatest. In the course of an hour of hard work by the soldiers, the steamer was relieved. It again floated, and we started for Alton, without noise from escaping steam, the captain directing the steam to be discharged in the coal-hole.

About two miles up the river, after leaving St. Louis, the channel of the river made a turn close up to its west bank, where there was stationed a rebel battery, with their camp-fires burning, apparently all asleep, so that the steamer passed unnoticed, reaching Alton about 6 a.m. finding Mr. Mitchell on the dock awaiting our arrival.

So soon as he learned that we had on board twenty-three thousand stand of arms, he started for the fire-alarm bell and rang it heartily, raising all the town, under the apprehension of a fire. The mayor of the city with a large crowd of citizens collected around him, and when he related to them the cause of his ringing the bell, and calling for volunteers to help in unloading the steamer, the citizens, headed by the mayor, went to the steamer, each four taking a box of guns, and soon transferred all to a freight train already standing on the track near the wharf.

In the course of an hour, everything was moved to the cars, and in safety we escaped to Springfield, reaching there about 2 p.m. where we were met by Governor Yates, and a large portion of the legislature.

The end of this little effort to obtain the twenty-three thousand stand of arms to arm the volunteers already in camp in the State of Illinois, as well as a portion of the volunteers in Wisconsin and Indiana, was received and acknowledged by a vote of thanks to myself, passed by the legislature of the State of Illinois, and approved by the Governor of this State.[1]

It may not be out of place to repeat a remark

[1] See official account of the expedition of Captain Stokes in the "Report of the Adjutant-General of the State of Illinois," Vol. I, page 241.

made by a citizen of the State of Missouri, that by the early removal of these arms from the arsenal at St. Louis, it destroyed the supremacy of the rebel forces, and smothered their intended invasion of the State of Illinois, also keeping the rebels from taking the State of Missouri out of the Union, by a vote of secession then contemplated.

Very respectfully,
"Jas. H. Stokes."

The arms obtained by Mr. Gale, after being placed on the cars at Springfield, Mass., were stopped and returned to the United States arsenal as soon as the success of Captain Stokes' expedition was known. The ammunition from Watertown for the arms from Springfield came through in due time, and was forwarded to Springfield, Illinois.

Much credit was due to the officers of the Michigan Central and the Great Western railroads for the assistance and dispatch given to Mr. Gale, and for the service so rendered no bill was ever presented to the committee.

In order to correct history and the statement of the adjutant-general of the State, who says in his report: "That the batteries were unprovided with shot, shell or cannister, but slugs hurriedly prepared," I wish to state, that our esteemed citizen, the late Philetus Woodworth Gates, started the fires in his foundry at eleven o'clock Sunday morning for the purpose of casting cannon-balls, and the artillery started that evening with four hundred rounds of fixed ammunition for its four guns.

The first shot of the war fired in the West, was a shot cast in Mr. Gates' foundry on that Sunday morning, and fired by a gun trained by Lieutenant John Rudolph Botsford, of Captain James Smith's company, of Chicago Light Artillery.

The shot was fired across the bow of a steamboat passing down the river, bearing ammunition from St. Louis for the rebels. The whizzing of the shot was too pointed an invitation to come to shore to be declined, and the steamer's stock of munitions of war was taken for use in our own army.

To show the great prudence of the general commanding the expedition, and his consideration for the safety of his soldiers, I will mention what was stated by those near to him; "that when approaching the Big Muddy River he proposed that the platform cars, on which the cannon were, should be placed in front and the locomotive in the rear of the train, so that in case of being attacked, they could use the guns at long range and retreat if found necessary," but as the other officers of the command did not agree with him, the train proceeded in the usual way.

When the Milwaukee muskets were being cleaned and put into order for returning, Mr. George T. Abbey found many of them with more than one cartridge in the barrel and some had five or six; showing how little the boys knew of fire-arms or their use, having reloaded without discharging the guns.

To General Joseph Stockton thanks were due for his valuable assistance in obtaining horses for the artillery—he furnished several from his own stock; also to Colonel Roselle Marvin Hough, who was very earnest at that time as he was subsequently all through the war.

The Cairo expedition was hastily prepared and, as before stated, furnished with such arms as could be obtained — the men, mostly in their every-day clothes, some with overcoats, but more without, a few blankets, fewer tents, and comparatively without camp-equipage of any kind. The starting for an unknown destination, ostensibly for Springfield; the tears of mothers, wives and sisters; the fervent blessings of friends; the screech of steam-whistles at 11 o'clock that dark Sunday night made an impression ineffaceable from the memory of all those who were present.

The money expended for the Cairo expedition and for fitting out two regiments, was mostly refunded by the government, and then used in assisting the families of those in the army.

Cook County, by its board of supervisors, appropriated $30,000 to assist the government, and the speaker was chairman of the war-committee, but as of the first committee, all the records were destroyed in the fire of 1871.

The first citizens' committee continued to serve through 1861 and 1862, and was succeeded by a new and larger committee, but as

I resigned from it, I can only say that it devoted its energies mostly to the assisting of General John Charles Fremont in his Missouri campaign. Of the doings of the last committee all records were burned.

It must seem strange to the young people of to-day, that a war came upon the United States twenty-nine years ago, and that neither the Federal nor State government had money to pay men or to buy arms. The general government had but few arms, and the states still less.

Secretary-of-War John B. Floyd, had gradually depleted the northern arsenals, removing the arms to southern points, from which they were taken by the rebels.

It should be remembered and made a matter of history that the first money raised in Illinois for the war was subscribed by citizens of Chicago.

The first armed force sent out in the West was that sent to Cairo, and it was sent from Chicago.

The first general in command in the State of Illinois was Richard Kellogg Swift, a citizen of Chicago.

The first shot fired in the West for the Union was a Chicago shot, from a Chicago cannon, trained by a Chicago boy, of the Chicago Light Artillery.

Thanks are also due to our esteemed citizen, E. W. Blatchford, for the assistance he rendered to Mr. Gates on that memorable Sunday.

Let us hope that the horrors of war may never be brought upon our country, and that peace and harmony may henceforth be the results of the treasure expended and the sacrifices made in the name of Liberty and Union.

WAR EXCITEMENT IN CHICAGO

[Extract from "The Story of My Life" by Mary A. Livermore.]

In Chicago, there was even more stir and excitement than I had seen elsewhere. Everybody was engrossed with the war news and the war preparations. The day was full of din and bustle, and the night was hardly more quiet. On the evening of the very day that Fort Sumter capitulated to the secessionists, an immense meeting of Chicago's citizens was held in the great republican Wigwam, where Abraham Lincoln had been nominated for the presidency, and ten thousand men of all religious creeds and party affiliations came together to deliberate on the crisis of the hour. There was no talking for effect. All the speeches were short and to the point. The time for harangue was over, the time for action had come. Before the vast assemblage separated, Judge Manierre, one of the most eminent and popular men of the city, administered to this great body of people, the oath of loyalty to the government. The multitude

rose, and with uncovered heads and upraised right hands, repeated the words of the following oath: —

"I do solemnly swear in the presence of Almighty God, that I will faithfully support the constitution of the United States, and of the State of Illinois. So help me God!"

Eight days after the fall of Sumter, troops were dispatched from Chicago to Cairo, a point of great strategic importance. It is situated at the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and is the key to navigation of both. It is also the southern terminus of several railroads, of which the northern termini are in the very heart of the great grain-bearing region of the Northwest. Its importance as a military post at that time could not be overestimated. If the South had seized it, it could have controlled the railway combinations of the Northwest, and closed the navigation of the two great rivers. Southern leaders were well aware of the value of Cairo as a railway and river center, and were hurrying their preparations to take possession of the town. But their plans were checkmated by Chicago. In less than forty-eight hours a body of infantry and a company of artillery, composed entirely of young men from the best families in the state, were ready to start for Cairo.

A long train of twenty-six cars, with two powerful engines attached, waited at the station, panting, puffing and shrieking, as if

eager to be gone. As it moved slowly out along the pier, tens of thousands of people, who lined the lake shore, bade the soldiers farewell with deafening cheers. Round after round of hurrahs rang out from the Prairie City, and were seconded by the long, shrill shrieks of all the locomotives employed in the neighborhood, and waiting at the different railway stations. They were none too soon in their occupation of Cairo, for many of the inhabitants were credited with a heavy leaning toward secession, and would have been glad to welcome Southern instead of Northern troops. The South was in earnest, and the North now began to believe it.

The War Spirit in Chicago

[Extract from *The Chicago Tribune* Tuesday, April 23, 1861.]

YESTERDAY was but a continuation of the military bustle and preparation of several days preceding. The streets were alive all day with the movement of volunteers. Everything gives way to the war and to its demands. Workmen from their shops, printers from their cases, lawyers from their offices, clerks and bookkeepers from counter and counting-room, are busily drilling, and the enlistments are marvelously rapid. But one sentiment prevails, and that is for war on traitors. Incidents of loyalty and sacrifice press upon us in such numbers that we do not attempt their narration.

Our courts have all adjourned on account of war times and incident excitement. In the superior court, Judge John M. Wilson called the attention of the bar to the state of the nation. He said just now there were more important things than lawsuits to attend to. The perpetuity and safety of our nation were imperiled, and it was the duty of every man to devote himself to its service. He appealed to the bar to know if they did not concur in these sentiments, and sustain him in an adjourn-

ment of the court *sine die* in order that judges, lawyers, clients, jurymen, and bailiffs might devote themselves to the cause of their country. The bar with one voice replied that the Judge had exactly expressed their sentiments, and accordingly the court was adjourned.

The loyalty and munificence of Solomon Sturges, Esq., is abundantly shown by the circumstance that he has offered to arm and equip at his own expense a company of eighty sharpshooters. These are to be made up of some of the best shots in the city, many of them members of the Audubon Club, to be armed with the Maynard rifle, sword, bayonet, and a pair of eight-inch revolvers; Mr. Sturges to bear the entire expense of their outfit and drill, and to land them, a crack company, at whatever point they may be ordered. The committee of the corps are James Stell, N. E. Sheldon, M. P. Forster, and Norton Spencer. Their rendezvous has been located in Dole's Building.

A. D. Titsworth & Company, clothiers of this city, are getting up 1400 uniforms for our Chicago troops. They are to be the army fatigue dress in "cadet gray" cloth, a full suit, with long surtout and heavy cape. Each soldier is to be supplied with two flannel shirts. This house has arrangements to make up 1000 suits per week. In a short time our Illinois troops will be well uniformed.

In our reference to George Smith as having

donated $1000 to the war fund, we unintentionally conveyed the impression that he stood alone in such munificence, whereas a like sum has been donated by Henry Farnam, Esq., J. Y. Scammon, Esq., and The Chicago Gas Light Company.

Captain George A. Fuller, who is enrolling a new company of dragoons, has his headquarters at the Armory Building, has fifty or sixty already enlisted, and the ranks will be full by Wednesday evening.

The Engineer Sapper and Miner Corps, recruiting at the city surveyor's office in the courthouse, is fast filling up with first-class mechanics. They are noble-looking men, and will do splendid service. Twenty-five were accepted yesterday afternoon, the first day.

The German residents, married men, of the ages of 25 to 45 years, organized a reserve corps yesterday, a battalion of four companies, electing officers who have served in European armies.

Yesterday a fine company of volunteers from Waukegan, ninety strong, came here to attach themselves as Company C of the Zouave regiment. They left for Springfield last evening.

A fine company of artillery, one hundred and one strong, Captain Charles Houghteling commanding, came here yesterday and left last evening for Camp Yates.

A company of volunteers from Aurora,

Kane County, numbering over one hundred men, came into this city yesterday, commanded by Captain Graesel, who led a volunteer company from Detroit during the Mexican War. Colonel C. G. Hammond, superintendent of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, in reply to a telegraphic despatch inquiring whether the company should be passed free to Chicago, wrote, "Yes, pass them free, and God bless them!"

At 7:30 p.m. the second detachment of our military, comprising Captain Barker's Dragoons, Company C Zouaves (from Waukegan), Captain Kellogg's Rumsey Guards, the Aurora Artillery, and a fine-looking company from Lockport, Captain Hawley commander, left in a special train for the capital, comprising in all nearly six hundred men.

The Highland Guard have formed Companies A and B. Captain Raffen commands the former. They are to leave this morning. The Guards are the color company of the Washington regiment, and the Stars and Stripes are worthily borne by Ensign Duncan McLean for six years in the employ of the G. & C. U. R. R. The company, on this occasion of his leaving, presented him with a fine military outfit.

Commissary-General Fowler has opened his headquarters at No. 60 Wells Street, where a force of clerks and assistants are kept exceedingly busy.

The "Union Rifles," a corps of German sharpshooters, armed with the Enfield rifle, are to leave for Springfield this morning.

All over the city new military organizations are springing up.

The Irish citizens are vying with all other classes in pressing forward into the ranks. At the North Market Hall meeting on Saturday evening, in an hour and a half after the roll list was opened, it received the large number of three hundred and twenty-five names. An executive committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. T. J. Kinsella, P. Conley, Alderman Cominsky, D. Quirk and P. Carragher, to procure the necessary equipments for the regiment.

A committee was also appointed, consisting of three from each division of the city, to solicit donations for the benefit of the families of those who enlist.

The recruiting offices were announced as follows: Captain Gleason at the City Armory; Alderman Cominsky at the Rock Island Freight House; Captains C. Walsh and O. Stuart at the Matteson House; Captain P. Casey at 129 Canal Street; and the North Market Hall will be for Captains McMurray, Phillips, Quirk, and Moore. A muster roll will also be at Mr. Mulligan's office, corner Randolph and Dearborn streets. Other offices will hereafter be announced. A subscription book will be opened at the store of J. J. Kearney, No. 167 South Clark Street, where will also be received

for the regiment whatever articles, such as guns, pistols, swords, etc., that the friends of the cause may donate. Contribute freely to defend the old flag, and let the cry be "Death to traitors."

It is now permitted to transpire that the first detachment of Chicago troops were destined for Cairo, and reported as near there last evening. They have a battery of eight pieces, and are well supplied with ammunition and camp equipage, and the detachment is under the command of army officers of high reputation. These troops, seven hundred strong, are located at a most important position, and are worthy of the trust.

A strong detachment was left to guard the railroad bridge at Muddy Creek, which has been threatened, and which, if destroyed, could not soon be rebuilt.

THE COMMITTEE OF SAFETY

[From *The Chicago Tribune*, April 23, 1861.]

Office of the Chicago Committee of Safety
Numbers 44 and 46 La Salle Street, April 22, 1861

At a meeting of the Committee the following gentlemen were added to its members: Messrs. A. H. Burley, E. I. Tinkham, James Long.

E. H. Hadduck, Esq., owing to his many duties, tendered his resignation, which was accepted.

On motion, Mr. A. H. Burley was elected president, and Messrs. E. I. Tinkham and James Long, vice-presidents.

The following now constitute the committee:

A. H. Burley, President.
E. I. Tinkham, Vice-President.
James Long, Vice-President.
Samuel Hoard, Secretary and Treasurer.
E. H. Hadduck.
W. T. Mather.
Julian S. Rumsey.
Thos. B. Bryan.
L. P. Hilliard.
Orrington Lunt.

Per order,

Sam'l Hoard, Sec'y.

A University Volunteer

[An Untold Chapter in Evanston's History as Related by General John A. Page, who at the Outbreak of the Civil War was a Student in Northwestern University. From *The Evanston Daily News*, May 29, 1914.]

GENERAL JOHN A. PAGE is a name which was well known to early Evanstonians. Even many of the more modern ones know him, for he comes back to Evanston from time to time to renew old friendships and visit old scenes. His career in the army has been an enviable one and Evanston can take especial pride in it; for he was one of the students at Northwestern when the civil war began. His picture of Evanston at that time is one which has never been published before and is an important contribution to our local history. Equally so is the story of the enlistment of the first men in Chicago for the greatest struggle in the history of the world.

This is the first publication of these recollections. I have written this introduction at the request of the editor, but the story itself is filled with such a vivid interest that it would be a bold man who would think he could add anything to it.

"Recollections of 1861 as Seen Through a Boy's Eyes" is the title General Page wrote for his sketch, which is as follows:—

In 1861 I was a boy in my teens. My father being an army officer, I was born in the service, and as we say in the army, "in the knapsack."

My earliest recollections of boyhood days were of New Castle, Delaware, the home of my mother. The members of my family were slave owners. Nigger Bill, a boy of my own age, was given to me as a birthday present. He was no common darky, was intelligent, handsome, powerful of limb. We were inseparable companions, and I dared knock the chip off the shoulder of any boy in town, as Bill did the fighting for me. He could pick up and carry between his toes, without being detected, more marbles than any darky on the village green, but being high toned, never bothered himself with anything but twenty-five cent alleys. Of course, as Bill belonged to me, the alleys went into my bag.

One day we wandered down to the wharf to meet the steamboat that carried peaches from the Rie Bold farms to Philadelphia. They landed the quota of baskets belonging to the town, and as they cast off, some one reached down, grappled Bill by the collar of his coat and landed him on the deck of the boat. That was the last of Bill. It was my first sorrow, and although the navigation company paid

eight hundred dollars for him, what was gold to a boy in place of a negro companion?

With the loss of my possessions I lost caste, and was reduced from a first-class power to a fifth-rate one. I relate this incident of my early life to show that I was conversant with the institution that in future years made a soldier of me.

Seven years of my school days were spent abroad, where among foreigners I learned to revere, to adore, the flag of my country; and I would advise any one who does not appreciate the thrill that pervades our hearts at the sight of our flag to go to strange lands, where in a short time his eyes will seek the emblem of his home, its sight will warm his soul, and he will return to his native land a wiser and better American.

At the *pension* in Paris where I attended school, there were from three to four hundred students. On our national holidays we would gather around the Stars and Stripes and sing "The Home of the Brave and the Land of the Free." The foreigners, especially the English, admitted the "brave" part of our song, but taunted us about the land of the free. It was a hard knot for us to wrestle with, and it set us to thinking.

On my return home the political campaign of 1860 soon engrossed the attention of my countrymen. I became a Wide-awake, donned the oil-cloth cape, and carried my coal-oil torch.

At this period I was a student at the Northwestern University at Evanston, Illinois. They were generally Lincoln men, with the exception of some Southern members. We debated in our societies the issues of the day, and thrashed over the old straw that had not even dust remaining in it; while our political giants were arousing our people to a fever heat over the question of slavery, that was fast driving our country to the terrible war that finally untied the knotty question that bothered us Americans when singing "The Home of the Brave and the Land of the Free."

The November election was over; Abraham Lincoln was to be the next president.

Then began the machinations of the disaffected to destroy the republic. The papers of the day were filled with inflammatory articles. Secession was advocated openly and boldly. We students became restless. There was a feeling that the tenor of our lives would be changed, and that the event was not far off. Inauguration day had passed and hopes were expressed that the storm that was brewing would pass away; but on the ninth day of April that fatal gun at Charleston boomed over the land. The die was cast; it was for war.

The time had come to show your colors. Fort Sumter had been bombarded and forced to surrender. We cast about to procure a flag to raise over the university building, but

none could be found. Bunting could not be purchased; the loyal people had exhausted the supply, so the girl students set their nimble fingers to work and presented us one made from calico; and in the presence of the whole population of the surrounding country, we hauled it to the peak of the flagstaff and then and there raising our right hands swore to protect the honor of that flag with our lives.

It was a solemn, sad, and impressive scene: boys in their teens dedicating their young lives to their country. And well they kept their oaths; the village, the city, and the national cemeteries bear witness to their devotion to the Union. In every army of our land, east and west, the Northwestern students, the brawny lads of the West, shared with their countrymen the dangers of the battle field, the privations and hardships of the camp and the march. The prisons of the South and the lonely unknown grave claimed their quota of my companions.

The excitement became so intense that books were abandoned, many began to pack their trunks, all were waiting for something to turn up, when the news came that the President had called for 75,000 militia for three months' service. It being late Saturday and no Sunday trains in those days, many of us walked to Chicago where we found everybody on the streets, flags flying from every house. It was said that they were waiting to hear

from the Governor of the State; that on Monday enlisting would certainly begin. We returned home on a freight train late that night and early Sunday morning disseminated the news. Monday we marched to the morning train; there was standing room only, the cars being packed with country boys on the same mission as ourselves. Arriving in Chicago, we struck out for State Street, where, before the armory of the Ellsworth Zouaves, the crowd was so dense we could not get near it. We tried several other places where we heard they were enlisting men, but were too late. "No more men wanted," was placarded on the buildings, and the guard stationed so no one could enter.

The Military Battery of Chicago was an old organization. A number of us had friends in the command, and they had given us a tip and list of students they desired in the company; so we quit the crowd and went to their armory, where the same placard stared us in the face, "No more men wanted." But we found a number of the battery who quietly led us in the back way; they had kept places for us, but we must get recommendation from some prominent person, as the clamor was so great outside to get into the battery they desired to fortify their refusal with our recommendations. These were easily procured. The complement of men being secured, the books were closed and the fact announced, from a second-story

window, to the crowd below, who received it with a howl of disappointment.

We were informed, as they only had four guns (they were six-pounders), the old members would go to the front first, and as soon as they could get two more guns we would be notified. The citizens of Chicago presented the battery with horses, and we followed the fortunate ones to the depot to see them off for Cairo, where they had been ordered. Thousands of young men were clamoring to enlist, but the quota of Illinois had been filled; they, however, kept to work forming companies on their own account, drilling and preparing themselves for the future.

We received letters from Cairo saying they expected two more guns soon, but we were impatient and wrote back that we could not wait any longer; so in a few days a sergeant was sent for us, our detachment was assembled and put en route to join our companies. We found them encamped in the bottom in the rear of the levee, and very glad to see us.

One gun detachment was up the Mississippi, and one up the Ohio. They had cut embrasures through the gypsum weeds on the levees to be able to get a view of the rivers.

Their duty was to hail every boat that came down stream—make them blow their whistle so that the fort at the junction of the rivers could be ready for them in case they tried to run by with contraband goods for the South.

Cairo was a busy beehive: camps were everywhere; steamboats, gunboats, were coming and going; from morning till night it was drill, drill, drill. When it rained the mud was deep and sticky, pools of water soon formed, and mounted drills had to be suspended; when it dried up, the ground caked, cracked, and pulverized into an impalpable and suffocating dust.

There was no poetry in our lives; rations were good, cooking indifferent, work hard. As a new regiment arrived, the men flocked to our camp to see battery drill; few of them had ever seen a gun, so we generally had an appreciative and enthusiastic audience.

Having but four six-pounders, our detachment was attached to these gun squads. In time we found out that we were having the largest share of work put upon us; so soon will men become old soldiers and learn the tricks of the trade.

We late comers were looked upon as fresh fish, and were treated accordingly; we were so green it took us some time to discover we were being imposed upon.

Our ideas of discipline were very vague; articles of war or regulations were a myth to us. We were obedient, and performed our allotted tasks because we had been brought up to do so. We did not have any reverence for rank, nor did we appreciate the difference between a general, colonel, or captain.

We looked upon them as men much older than ourselves, therefore paid deference to them.

One day a number of us youngsters were at the St. Charles Hotel. We dropped into the wineroom, but could not get near the buffet. General Grant, Colonel Oglevie, and a number of other officers who became renowned during the war, with glasses in hand and facing each other, were talking about steamboats, rations, wagons, pontoons, a conversation that was not at all interesting to us. We waited patiently, but they took no notice of us. So we squeezed in between them and by gentle pressure moved them back from the coveted walnut boards; and while our chiefs sipped their lemonade and discussed grand tactics and strategy, we, the youthful tools that made their combinations possible, sucked our sweetened water through straws and talked of home, with its good things to eat. There was no intention on our part of being disrespectful, nor did we realize that we were rude. We were boys and acted like boys; the old gentlemen treated us as such and did not bother themselves about us. *En passant*, I will say I never tried to elbow General Grant again.

By the time the news of Bull Run reached us, the boys had had time to get their wind in the intrenchments of Washington; and some few did not recognize their old camp grounds, and passed on, and strengthened themselves

with fresh oysters at Fulton Market, New York City. We did not feel downcast, nor do I remember of any of us being paralyzed by the defeat. Was not our Battery "A" and Battery "B" at Bird's Point still on deck? Where was Payne's Ninth and McArthur's Twelfth Illinois, Wallace's Indianians, Smith's Eighth Missouri wharf-rats, and a host of other regiments spoiling for a fight? We were indignant at the report that a three-months' regiment's time having expired, they refused to enter the fight. Our time had expired, too, but we were not going to leave any loophole open to keep us out of battle, and there being no mustering officer at Cairo, we passed around the hat, chipped in and paid the expenses of a sergeant to go to St. Louis and bring one down. This is the way we got in "for three years or the war."

Bird's Point, just across from Cairo, in Missouri, was an intrenched camp. This is where I first met Private J. Q. White of Taylor's Battery, our late and lamented recorder, who was then just as vivacious, patriotic, and full of vim as when you knew him as a member of our commandery.

Our camp duties became very monotonous; sickness was telling on the command; and the younger boys began to long for home.

They were furloughed by squads; but as soon as they changed climate, malarial fever broke out, so it was deemed unwise to grant

any more. We were longing for a change, when, on the fifth of September, orders came for us to be ready to strike tents and move at once. New life was infused into us, limber chests were put in order, everything was ready for action. At sundown we marched to the landing. There we found Payne's Ninth and McArthur's Twelfth Illinois regiments embarking in steamboats. Our battery was soon stowed away, and with the gunboats *Tyler* and *Conestaga* leading, we started up the Ohio.

None of us knew where we were going, but we felt we were on important business. At daylight we were all awake; Paducah was our destination. I expected to be one of the gun squads, but received an order to report as orderly to Colonel Wagner of the artillery in the cabin above, where General Grant, Captain Foote of the navy, and staff officers were assembled. As soon as the boats landed, the infantry skirmishers at a run disappeared in the town, our battery soon rattling after them. I heard General Grant complimenting the battery and saying he would make a special application for two more guns for us. We had anticipated the enemy, who were reported not far away; the few in town skipped out, so we did not have a chance to distinguish or extinguish ourselves.

Earthworks were thrown up, re-enforcements began to arrive, and General Charles F. Smith was placed in command.

I was a sentinel at Battery No. 2 one day, when the General, followed by an orderly, approached my post. To me he was the handsomest man I had ever seen. His long white mustache, erect figure, soldierly appearance and dignity combined, left an ineffaceable imprint on my memory. His orderly was a bugler boy from the regular cavalry. While the General was listening to my recital of my order, the orderly, with his horse pawing the air, was winking and making faces at me. As they rode off I hardly knew whether to wish I was the General or the orderly. At breakfast one morning our sergeant-major handed me an official letter, and from its numerous re-directions it had followed me for some time. It was a commission, duly signed by the President, appointing me a second lieutenant in the Third United States Infantry, with orders to report for duty with my regiment at Washington city. I did not want it. My brother, seventeen months younger, had enlisted with me; I did not want to leave him or my companions, but was told to obey orders. My squad groomed me down nicely and I reported at General Smith's headquarters for discharge.

The front office was occupied by a youngster of my own age; he was dressed in shiny-topped boots, spurs, feet on table, smoking a huge cigar and reading the morning paper. I inquired if the General was in. "He is not," was the reply. I asked, "When will he be in?"

The answer was, "I am not his keeper, and he does not get up with the chickens." Realizing that I was a rather early caller, I returned later and was ushered into his presence. The General looked at my communication, told me to take a seat, and congratulated me on being an officer of the Third United States Infantry. He said it was one of the oldest and best regiments in the service and trusted I would be an honor to it. Tapping a bell, my flip young officer, to whom I had taken an intense dislike, appeared, and orders were given for my discharge. The General looked over a pamphlet on his desk, informed me that the officer who had just left was a regular, a fifth of August appointee, the same batch to which I belonged, but that I ranked him.

General Smith was at this time colonel of the Third Infantry, my regiment, but he did not so inform me. On leaving the General, my youngster, to whom I had taken an intense dislike, met me with extended hand, smiling face, and one of his huge cigars. He said if I would wait a few minutes until the adjutant-general relieved him, he would wet my commission in true Kentucky style, which he did.

The dislikes of youth are not very deep-rooted. On returning to camp, I found my brother had received an order to report for duty to General Fremont. We took the boat for Cairo and went at once to General Grant's office to get transportation to St. Louis.

I recognized the General, sitting behind a wire screen, and handed him my papers. He looked at my commission and seemed to be buried in deep thought; then he looked at me intently, and repeated several times, "John Page." Just then an old gray-headed officer tapped him on the shoulder and called, "Time." The General awoke from his reverie and turned my papers over to some one else. General Grant on graduating from West Point was assigned to the Fourth Infantry, then stationed at Jefferson Barracks near St. Louis, Missouri. My father, John Page, was a captain of the regiment, and took a fancy to the young lieutenant. The friendship was reciprocated. My father was mortally wounded at Palo Alto by having his jaw carried away by a cannon ball; it was the first blood Grant saw shed on a battle-field. No doubt his thoughts, when looking at my commission, were wandering back to early days. Going to the St. Charles Hotel, I registered my name for the first time with "U. S. Army" as a handle to it. My brother and I were dressed in private uniforms, gray in color and piped with red. The clerk sized us up and gave us quarters according to our ranks—an attic room as near heaven as he could get us. We paid our board in advance and left word to be wakened at six next morning. During the evening, when the lobby was crowded with officers, a patrol appeared. We were the only privates visible, so the officer in

charge made for us and demanded our passes. I showed him my commission, but he said it was no good and for us to "fall in." Just then an officer interfered, looked at my orders, and told the guard we were all right. I asked a bellboy who it was that had saved us from the lock-up. "Colonel McPherson, one of those regulars that musters the boys in," was his reply. This officer was promoted to major-general and was the James B. McPherson who was killed July 22, 1864, near Atlanta.

It was almost eight o'clock when we woke up; they had failed to call us; our train had left. We were very angry but it did no good. The clerk said if we wanted to remain for the next train, we would have to plank down the wherewithal to secure our heavenly attic. Having but fifty cents between us, we could not do it, but we took our revenge out by eating a breakfast that lasted us for twenty-four hours. That night, curled up in our blankets among the cotton bales on the levee, with the stars above blinking at us, we slept as only soldier boys can sleep. We took the train for Odin, and the conductor honored our transportation request, but failed to give us transfers for St. Louis; we boarded the train, however, which was filled with Mulligan's paroled men. They took a fancy to us and insisted upon our taking a wee drop from their canteens. The conductor called for our tickets; I explained the circumstances. He said he guessed we would have

to get off at the next station; Mulligan's men said they guessed not. The Mulligan guess was the best.

On reaching St. Louis we went to General Fremont's headquarters; they occupied a fine private residence. The house was on an elevation from the street, the lot being surrounded by a retaining wall. The entrance to the grounds was guarded by two cavalrymen, their sabres crossed; the wall was lined with them, their feet dangling over it. They were jeering at everybody that passed. When we stated we desired to see General Fremont it produced a howl, and we were invited in not very choice or polite language to go to the lower regions.

My uncle, Major J. H. Eaton, who had resigned his commission as a captain of the Third Infantry in 1858, had re-entered the service as major and paymaster of volunteers, and was military secretary to General Fremont. We could see him at his desk in the conservatory, and in time we attracted his attention. He sent an orderly for us.

Entering the building, a strange sight greeted us. It was a motley crew of officers dressed in all kinds of uniforms, some with leather hip riding boots with a thousand wrinkles in them; others with leather breeches with a strip of cloth reaching to the knee; their headgear were Garibaldi and other piratical-looking hats; their sabres were clanking on the floor and at every step their spurs jingled; they were smoking and

all talking at once in every language except plain American. The scene was so novel and *outre* that I forgot to follow the orderly until he aroused me from my reverie. I asked my uncle what it meant. He evaded my question, but said the noise was so great in there that he had been compelled to move his desk into the conservatory; that the cavalrymen were Zagonis men; that there were 500 cavalry and 500 infantry constituting General Fremont's bodyguard; that he had secured a second lieutenancy for my brother in the infantry contingent. A bodyguard to me was a new revelation. I had never run across one in the regions where I had been serving.

At my home in Evanston they had been anticipating my arrival; my sash, sword and revolver were awaiting me; the younger portion of the family presented me with a poignard about eight inches long, the letters "X. C. L." etched on its bright blade; the scabbard was of red leather. No doubt some of you remember that redoubtable weapon of our early day warriors. My uniform was made on a rush order. The shoulder strap was the typical strap of the second lieutenant of those days; it was ample in size, of double row of heavy bullion, worked on light blue velvet.

. . . . . .

[After an illness of two months, Lieut. Page left to join the Third U. S. Infantry at Washington under Gen. McClellan, and was thereafter with the Army of the Potomac. — Ed.]

American Volunteer Soldier

[Extract from the unpublished memoir of General Alexander C. McClurg.]

TO the citizen soldier who took active part in the marches, campaigns and battles of the Civil War, no other part of his life, no matter how active and enterprising it may have been, or how successful, can rival in interest the years passed as a volunteer in his country's service. Then, if ever, he was acting under unselfish and generous impulses—following and seeking not his own interest and advancement, but what he believed to be beyond price or valuation, his country's safety, integrity and prosperity, the interests and happiness of the men, women and children of America, and, as it seemed to many of us, the future welfare of the world and mankind.

There is no doubt that the great majority of those who in the earlier days of the war devoted themselves to their country's service did so in opposition to their personal inclination, and with the conviction that they were sacrificing, temporarily at least, their personal best interests for a more sacred cause. Some doubtless enlisted from a love of adventure, and, later, others were tempted by liberal cash

bounties—but this was not the case in the early years of the war. Those who enlisted were of course nearly all young men, just entering upon, or just about to enter upon, the activities of life. Hope and ambition were urging them forward in some chosen career which should bring competence and ease in later life. They longed to stay at home and to enter upon their life work; but something higher and nobler than their own self-interest beckoned them to the field where the life and integrity of their beloved country must be fought for in bloody battles. They could not be deaf to the calls which were sounding all around them. The periodical press was full of patriotic appeals. Every rostrum resounded with the fervid eloquence of anxious lovers of their country. Orators, like Wendell Phillips and Henry Ward Beecher, and statesmen, like Lincoln and Seward, poured forth the most soul-stirring pleas to save the Union.

To the young and enthusiastic, all the familiar patriotic words of the poets not only echoed and re-echoed through heart and brain, but took a new and practical meaning.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land!"

"Sail on, O ship of state!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our hopes triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee."

"*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*"

These and hundreds of similar passages conned in boyhood were in all minds, and burned our hearts with an intensity of meaning never felt before. Music inspired every heart to patriotic service and sacrifice; woman looked and spoke the same high appeal. Never before had been felt such a fervor of apprehension and high patriotic resolve. American manhood was exhorted as never before. The American Republic must not perish. No theories of States Rights must be allowed to destroy it. The Union must and shall be preserved! It was evident to all that unless the American youth of the North rose to the occasion all the bright hopes of ideal republicanism were lost, and forever. It was almost impossible for any generous and manly spirit among the young to resist the appeal; no matter what the repugnance to war and battle, to the rough manners and severe hardships of a soldier's life, no matter how strong the mere selfish temptation to the tasks and ambitions of civil life. The country's peril and her cry to her sons to save her drowned all other voices. Every youth and young man felt the struggle between inclination and duty in his own breast. Each must settle the mighty question alone and for

himself. Some who had wives, mothers, or sisters dependent upon them, or who were fettered by other circumstances, *must* remain at home, and this only increased the urgency upon others who were not so fettered. For myself, the struggle was severe and long; but the conclusion was irresistible; I did not want to go; but I must.

I had only recently come to Chicago from my home at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and had entered enthusiastically upon what I felt would be a congenial business for life. I had become a junior clerk in the wholesale and retail bookstore of S. C. Griggs & Co. Although always fond of outdoor life and sports, my spare hours had been largely devoted to books and reading; and a life devoted to books, even commercially, had the strongest attraction for me. I could look only with abhorrence upon war and organized brute force, for I had been deeply moved by the common sense and eloquence of Charles Sumner's splendid peace orations. I had never taken any interest in volunteer or militia soldiering, and, indeed, had rather looked with contempt upon the showy uniforms and pompous paradings of those who seemed to play at soldiering in times of peace. But the decision was made; I must go into this war, and do what little one individual could to save the imperiled country.

I was only one of many, for I found most of my companions and acquaintances in Chicago

had been going through the same struggles as myself; and a large number of them had reached the same conclusion. How we should go was now the question. Many of us had had college educations, had been somewhat delicately reared, and had been accustomed to the lives and manners of refined family circles. We naturally shrunk from the idea of entering the rank and file and becoming private soldiers; and we would generally have liked to secure commissions as lieutenants or subaltern officers. Without political influence, however, this was not easy, and, despairing of such opportunities, we finally determined to form a company among ourselves, in which all the men might be of somewhat the same condition in life, and more or less congenial, that so we might tone down some of the asperities of the private soldier's life. It was at last quietly and quickly made known that on a certain Saturday evening all those who were notified, and who desired to join such a company, would assemble together at eight o'clock in a designated office on Dearborn Street, where muster-rolls would be ready for signature. At the appointed hour I repaired to the rendezvous, and found there already assembled a large number of young men, mainly personal friends and acquaintances. It was a curious assemblage and although the naturally high spirits and jollity of youth would occasionally assert themselves, a very decided feeling of seriousness and

solemnity pervaded all. The muster-roll was soon numerously signed, and a company of about one hundred picked men (for so we considered ourselves) was enlisted. An organization was at once effected, and a member, who had previously served as captain of a militia company in New England, Mr. L. P. Bradley, was elected Captain, and a prominent young lawyer of Chicago, Mr. Norman Williams, who had had some tactical training in an eastern militia company, was made First Lieutenant. It happened that on that very evening an immense "war meeting" was being held in the old "Wigwam"—in which Abraham Lincoln had been nominated for president. The rapid mustering of this company had been heard of at the meeting, and a request was sent down that the company should present itself. We were accordingly marshaled into column, and, with drum and fife, marched through the quiet and dark streets to the Wigwam, where after a moment of waiting we were ushered upon the platform on which Hon. Thomas Drummond, the highly revered United States District Judge, was presiding, and Hon. George C. Bates, a noted lawyer of that day, was making an impassioned and eloquent war speech. The announcement was made to an already excited and enthusiastic audience that this was a new company of somewhat well-known Chicago young men just enlisted for the war. The audience was a mixed one of ladies and gentle-

men, and as many of them recognized with surprise many of those in ranks, the shouts and cheering which, in unison with the strains of the band, greeted the company can be imagined, not described, for the audience was immense, and was wrought up to the most intense patriotic feeling. This company was formed at the time when President Lincoln had called for the first levy of seventy-five thousand men, and this gallant company was at once tendered by telegraph to the Governor as a contribution to Illinois' quota. Most of the young men in it spent the next day or two in making emotional farewell visits to their friends, especially their young lady friends, as they expected to leave for the field immediately.

It became known, however, a day or two later, that the state's quota was already full, and that the services of this company must be declined. The feelings with which this announcement was received by the men were probably very varied. Many were loud in their expressions of disappointment, but for myself, I confess I was conscious of release from an intense strain, and a feeling of joy that my services were not needed in the field, and that now I was at liberty, without self-condemnation, to return to my chosen civil pursuits. It is a proof, however, of their earnestness of purpose that over eighty of the privates in the company afterwards bore commissions in the volunteer army.

Though denied admission to the army at that time, however, it was by no means certain that many more troops would not speedily be equired, and it was unanimously decided to keep up the company organization, and to go on drilling assiduously, mainly in the evening, in order to be ready for service when a further urgent call should come. I attended all drills, and studied the school of the soldier and the ordinary company tactics industriously in all my spare moments, determined, if possible, to fit myself for future probable emergencies. Under Captain Bradley the company became before long a very creditably drilled military organization, and was known as Company D, 60th Regiment Illinois Militia. This removed all probability that it would be called into the national service as an organization. We still, however, felt ourselves more than half way soldiers, and undoubtedly rejoiced in the consciousness that we had shown our willingness to serve our country in the field. The company was in an efficient state of drill and discipline when the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas died. The body of Mr. Douglas lay in state in Chicago, in Bryan Hall, opposite the court house, on Clark Street, and Company D was detailed as a guard of honor over the remains. The hall was kept open day and night to allow the innumerable crowds of citizens who desired to look upon his remains to do so. It happened, that as a private soldier, I was a member of the

relief which stood over the coffin after midnight, and I shall never forget the solemnity of the scene in the dimly lighted hall at that time. The next day the guard of honor marched as an escort to the grave on the lake shore where his monument now stands, and my unaccustomed muscles received a very vivid impression of what a private soldier endures in a long march on a hot day, under the weight of heavy musket and accoutrements.

It was not long, however, before the country was felt to be again in sore straits, and more men were called for. Very quickly the officers and men of this home company began to enlist in other regiments which were forming for active service in the field. Captain Bradley and Sergeant C. W. Davis were among the first to leave for the front, having been commissioned, respectively, as Lieutenant-Colonel and Adjutant of the 51st Illinois Volunteer Infantry, the former becoming ultimately Brigadier-General of Volunteers and the latter Lieutenant-Colonel commanding his regiment. Thus one after another the men of this original company drifted away into active service in the field, having been generally found fitted to be commissioned as officers in regiments which were forming for the front. For myself, in August, 1862, I joined with two other gentlemen, who were already engaged in an attempt to raise a company which was intended to be one of the companies to compose two new

regiments organizing under the auspices of the Board of Trade of Chicago.

The patriotic citizens generally, and especially those composing the Board, although usually too old to go themselves, were anxious to do all in their power to contribute, pecuniarily, and in other ways, toward filling up the ranks of the armies in the field. The various companies forming for the regiments were each of them raised under the patronage, as it were, of some patriotic citizen, and for the time being were called by the citizen's name. The company which I joined was being liberally aided by Mr. U. H. Crosby, a personal friend, who, though but a young man, had recently erected a noble building which was then Chicago's pride, the beautiful and commodious Crosby's Opera House. After him the company was at first known as "The Crosby Guards." We had a tent erected on the meager plat of grass then surrounding the Court House Square. Above the tent floated the beloved national flag, and within it a small wooden table, with a fresh muster-roll spread upon it, flanked with two or three chairs, composed the furnishings.

Here the three persons who were trying to raise the company spent the long hours of the day, sitting or standing at the door, trying, like spiders, to lure into their web any promising looking youth or man who came within sight. Long and earnest were the unsophisti-

cated appeals to patriotism, but we suffered greatly from our inability to show any military competence or experience on the part of those who were organizing the company, and who hoped to be its officers. The Chicago Court House Square then presented a busy and a stirring scene, for it was occupied by perhaps half a dozen other similar tents, where other men were engaged in raising rival companies, and keen was the competition when eligible recruits appeared in view. Each group was anxious to swell its own muster-roll. It was curious as we afterwards looked back to this time to remember how anxious we all were to secure the large, stalwart, strong-looking men. Physical prowess cut much figure in our conception of the efficient soldier—and we were possessed with the idea that the large and vigorous looking men were the ones who would best stand the hardships of service and exposure in the field. These ideas were very decidedly changed by after experience. It was soon found in actual service that the large and heavy men were apt to be the first to yield to exhaustion and disease and to go to the hospitals, while the small and slight men went safely through the severest duties and exposures, and reported constantly for active duty. As a rule, too, men reared in the country and accustomed to hard work and active life upon the farm gave out more quickly than the lighter and more wiry men from the city. I

remember distinctly when one day a tall, dark-complexioned and fine-looking man from southern Illinois came into the tent, and how anxious and excited we were until he had finally signed the muster-roll. There was more joy over him than over many smaller and less heroic-looking men, for was he not also dashing and daring in his manner, and loud-mouthed withal in his declarations of what he would do if he only once got a chance at "them Rebs"? As he is still living, I do not give his name. He deserted in almost our first battle, and proved to be a typical example of a numerous class of large-bodied, loud-mouthed, blustering braggarts, whose great professions of valor and prowess came to an ignominious end on the battle-field. He was afterwards very indignant with me when I refused to sign his application for a pension, reminding me that he deserved a pension as much as many of those who were already on the pension rolls. I do not doubt he has finally succeeded in getting a compliant congress to place him there.

We spent many days at this monotonous work, and long and weary were the hours, especially when recruits were few; but we were constantly encouraged by the visits of prominent patriotic citizens who came in to cheer and aid us in our work, for the whole community was burning with zeal, and desired to hurry troops into the field.

Finally our efforts were rewarded by seeing a little over eighty names upon our muster-roll, enough to form an undersized company, though considerably short of the maximum number (101) permitted to a company. Men were urgently needed in the field, and we were therefore directed to appear before Captain Christopher, the United States mustering officer, to be mustered into the national service for three years, or during the war. We accordingly marched around to the mustering office on Dearborn Street, and each individual who answered to his name was mustered into the United States service for three years as a private soldier. It was a solemn moment for many of us; but we had already counted the cost. All had appeared who had signed the roll except the gentleman who had first begun to raise the company, and who expected to be made its captain. He was more advanced in years than most of us, was not of American birth, was comfortably settled in the banking business, and it was not surprising that when he found that the choice of officers must be left to the men, all strangers to him, after muster he did not care to risk the possibility of having to carry a musket for three years as private soldier. The patriotism of many a man, though pure and ardent, might well quail at this. He had perhaps even less knowledge of tactics, or any of the duties of the soldier, than either of his companions, Mr. Charles T.

Boal or myself, who had hoped to be elected, respectively, to the offices of first and second lieutenant. Having been mustered, we were directed to report at once to Camp Douglas, about five miles south of the city, which was then the rendezvous and training camp for Chicago troops. Mr. Boal and I, with our slight knowledge of company drill, managed to get the men into properly ordered ranks, and the company began its first military march. Arrived at the camp, a piece of ground was assigned by the post commander, Colonel Tucker, upon which we were to encamp. We were no longer free men, and were ordered to sleep in camp that night; but first we were to be provided with tents, tent-poles, tent-pins, tin cups, tin plates, kettles, knives and forks, and the innumerable paraphernalia which is necessary to complete the equipment of a company in the field. In some haphazard way, I do not remember how, we learned that the post quartermaster, whose quarters were perhaps a half a mile distant, would furnish these requisites for the company if some seemingly responsible person would receipt for them. No one else volunteering for this duty, I concluded to visit the quartermaster myself in behalf of the band of innocents whom I had aided to get into what at the time seemed to be rather a forsaken and helpless situation. In a very few minutes I was conferring with the quartermaster and receipting for innumer-

able articles which I knew as little about as an infant. The counting and becoming responsible for camp kettles, tin plates, tin cups, pewter spoons, knives and forks, etc., was all very prosaic, and seemed almost humiliating to an ambitious young soldier; but I had enlisted for the war, and was nerved up for anything and everything which that might imply; the practical, common-place side of camp life must certainly be looked after.

I had been engaged in this way but a short time when I was suddenly confronted by two men of the company, who came as a committee to tell me that "the boys" had determined that they must have some officers; that they had gone into an election; that I had been nominated for captain, and "the boys" wanted to hear from me. I could not have been more surprised, for never till that moment had the idea of becoming captain of the company entered my head. It had been supposed all along that the man of whom I have just spoken, who had been most active in raising the company, would be the captain of it. He had suddenly failed to be mustered, and the situation was changed; some other member of the company must become captain. As I walked back with the "committee" I learned that the men had been prompted to go into an election of officers by two officers (captains I think), who had for some time been serving in the field with one of the older Illinois regiments. They

were at home on leave of absence, and happened that afternoon to be visitors at Camp Douglas. They assured the men that the election of officers was an immediate requisite; that they knew all about the formula necessary for such an election. They told the men that they would superintend the election, keep the necessary records, and forward these records, duly certified, to the governor of the state through the Adjutant-General; and that upon this evidence commissions would at once be issued by the governor to the men elected as officers. I saw nothing wrong with this plan, for I knew nothing about it, and I supposed that these superior beings, these (to me) veteran officers, knew all about it.

I saw at once that a crisis of much importance to me and to the company had arisen. As I thought it over one thing was at once clear to my mind: I was not fit to be captain; but the second thought immediately followed it, granted that I am not fit, who in the company is? Some of the men were considerably older than I. There were men with families, men who had been independent farmers, well-to-do country storekeepers and skilled mechanics, but they knew little or nothing about drill or tactics or military affairs, not even as much as I did. There was, it is true, in the company one large, fine-looking, stalwart man, seemingly competent and very intelligent, who had served two terms of enlistment as a private

soldier in the regular army; but when spoken to about being elected an officer he had positively declined — for what reason we could not understand, though subsequent events made it very apparent. Looking at the question as candidly and as nearly without bias as I could, I concluded that if the men were in earnest in their desire to make me captain, I had perhaps best be as willing to trust myself to fill the position as any one else in the company. I need not of course pretend that there were no whisperings of ambition. I felt at once that it would be a high and very gratifying honor if the men should voluntarily select me to be captain of the company, provided of course I could afterward by my conduct justify my election to what at the time seemed to me a very high and exalted position.

Reaching the company ground I at once sought out Mr. Boal, who I thought, if he desired it, had a better right to be captain than I, for he had joined the company earlier than I, and had done more toward enlisting it. I told him that if he wished to be captain I would not be a candidate. He, however, protested that while he did hope to be made first lieutenant, he would not consent to become captain.

The situation now being clear, I entered the circle about which the men were grouped and asked what they wanted with me. They said I had been nominated for captain, and they

wanted to hear from me. I recognized the crisis. It was to be decided at once whether for the next three years I should bear a commission as captain or carry a musket as a private soldier. I took off my cap, and collected my thoughts as well as I could, being utterly unaccustomed to speaking to a crowd of men. I made no attempt at oratory, but I told them in a very few and simple, but earnest words that I had had practically no military training or experience, and was therefore not fit to become captain of a company in active field service; but that we were perhaps all alike in that respect, all uninformed and inexperienced. We only knew that we had entered upon a service which would prove no child's play, and was likely to cost one of us very dearly; that we were moved by a common desire to serve our country against her foes, and that we must all do our best and help one another toward that end. That while, as I then was, I knew I was not fit for captain of the company, yet if they chose to make me captain I should do the very best I could to qualify myself; I should work hard and I should expect them to work hard; I should insist upon constant and arduous drills; and, knowing that discipline was the most important thing, I should enforce as rigid discipline as I could. I said we perhaps could not gain much glory as soldiers, but we could at least do our duty and serve our country. I was frankly in earnest, and

spoke with much feeling. The men were pleased, and I was unanimously elected. Mr. Boal was also unanimously elected first lieutenant and Mr. D. B. Rice second lieutenant. Mr. Rice was well known to many of the men, and had already served a few weeks in the field as a member of a cavalry company.

We now believed that the first and important steps toward the organization of the company were taken, and it devolved upon me to take measures to finally reduce this motley mass of men to a disciplined company of soldiers. Other companies were encamped around about us which were in the same chaotic condition as our own, and their officers had their duties still to learn, just as I had. I believed that what they could do I could do, and I set about with enthusiasm to do it. To house the company we had five "Sibley" tents (large bell-shaped tents, capable of holding fifteen to twenty men each), and two small wall tents. The five Sibley tents were pitched in line facing the company street, the two wall tents, or officer tents, upon the right of the line. The first of these I occupied; the second was occupied by the two lieutenants. Squad drill was immediately instituted and practiced assiduously, in spite of some discontent which began to appear among the men at the constant work. The "setting up" of the men, "the position of the soldier," "the alignment," "the facings," the "manual of arms,"

I found all full of interest when studied carefully. The drilling of the company as a whole I soon became very much interested in. I studied the tactics incessantly and carefully, and the promptness and accuracy of movement which I was soon able to secure greatly interested me. There was a mathematical precision about the movements which was unexpectedly interesting, and then, too, I soon began to see that by conscientious effort on my own part I was securing the confidence and prompt obedience of my men. They began to feel that they really were becoming what they wanted to be, soldiers. Meanwhile, kind friends in Chicago, whom I had become acquainted with during my short residence in the city, learning that I had become captain of a company, presented me with a complete set of captain's uniform, including epaulets, sword, and (though contrary to regulations for an infantry captain) a pair of pistols. I should like to dwell upon this presentation, which was very interesting and gratifying to me, and upon the eloquent speech made by Mr. Henry M. Shepard, a young attorney, well known since in Chicago as an ornament to the legal bench; but this is not necessary to my narrative.

The brilliant new uniform was quickly donned, and I began to feel myself already every inch a captain, as I could see it had a marked effect upon my raw recruits. Very soon they too had their military clothing dealt out

to them by Uncle Sam's quartermaster, and it was evident that their own and their officers' uniforms and bright buttons had much to do with promoting a soldierly spirit, and making them feel that they had ceased to be civilians, and had entered in earnest upon serious duties as soldiers enlisted for service in the field.

By this time the company has been assigned to its final position as Company H of the 88th Regiment Illinois Volunteer Infantry—popularly called the 2nd Chicago Board of Trade Regiment. It was a regiment in the raising of which the citizens of Chicago, and especially the members of the Board of Trade, took a great interest, and there was much desire to get just the right man for colonel. The line officers of the regiment were mainly personal friends of Mr. Norman Williams, Jr., a prominent young lawyer of the city, who, as has been said before, had had some experience in a New England militia regiment, and they almost unanimously desired Mr. Williams for colonel. However, Governor Yates, then governor of Illinois, had already written to Major Francis T. Sherman, then major of an Illinois cavalry regiment in the field, that if he would resign and come home, he, the governor, would appoint him colonel of one of the two Board of Trade Regiments then being formed. Major Sherman had resigned, and the governor had at once appointed him colonel of our regiment, the Second Board of Trade. The line officers

remonstrated; and the Chicago Board of Trade appointed a committee of their most prominent and influential members to visit Springfield, and endeavor to get the governor to recall the appointment. The governor demurred, saying that as Major Sherman had resigned at his request he must have the promised appointment. Both the citizens and the officers of the regiment were much dissappointed, and the latter received their new colonel with very little cordiality; indeed they were inclined to be almost insubordinate, and for a time held very little intercourse with the colonel except officially. However, Colonel Sherman was evidently a man of iron nerve and much firmness of purpose; he cared little for the preferences of the line officers, and showed by his air and manner that he proposed to show these young men that he could command them. The remainder of the field and staff were appointed and the organization of the regiment completed. Regimental guards were established, and the men were confined to regimental limits. None could leave the camp without a furlough from his captain. This led, before long, to at least one incident personal to me which was at the time decidedly more interesting than agreeable. There was in the company, as I have said before, one man who was something of a mystery to us all. He was named Dorman, and had served as a private soldier for ten years in the regular

army on the plains and in the west. He was a large, fine-looking man, strongly built, and seemed not only a man of considerable character, but of more than ordinary intelligence. He knew far more about the general duties of the soldier in camp than any of us, and yet, notwithstanding, he had steadily declined to allow himself to be thought of in the election of officers, and had even refused appointment as a non-commissioned officer, either sergeant or corporal. One morning he, Dorman, came to me and asked me for a furlough to go to the city to make a few necessary purchases. I gave him the furlough, and urged him to be sure to be back not later than the time specified in the furlough, eight o'clock in the evening, as I more than half suspected that he might be too found of whiskey. The day passed away, and eight o'clock came but brought no Dorman. Nine o'clock, ten o'clock and eleven o'clock, and still no Dorman. I retired to my tent and lay down upon my cot. I fell sound asleep, and knew nothing more until between one and two o'clock the next morning, when I was awakened by someone rapping on my tent door. I shouted, "Come in," and Sergeant Andrews entered. He was evidently in a state of some excitement, and I could hear a confused noise of many of my men and many voices outside the tent. Sergeant Andrews told me in a few rapid words and with evident agitation that Dorman had

returned savagely drunk; that he had gone to the tent where he was quartered and raised a disturbance among the men; that Sergeant Rice, who had charge of that tent, had attempted to control and quiet him, when he had suddenly, and with the adroitness learned in his previous service in the army, wrenched a bayonet from a musket standing nearby and with uncontrollable fury had stabbed Sergeant Rice, the bayonet passing through his arm and into his body; that he had then cleared the tent of all the men in it, and was still in the tent defying any one to come near him. Naturally my mind worked rapidly during this recital. I had known for days before that the men were wondering what sort of a quiet young fellow they had elected for their captain, and how he would act in emergencies. I knew my measure had yet to be taken, and I saw at once that the hour had come. Sergeant Andrews' visit was evidently for the purpose of seeing what the little captain would do about it. The crisis was unpleasant, but I could not shirk it. I sprang out of my cot and drew on my pantaloons and boots. I remember distinctly drawing my suspenders over my shoulders and buttoning them over my flannel shirt as I walked out with the sergeant. I did not stop for my coat. The company street was full of men, not only of my own company but from all the neighboring companies round about, and excitement ran

high. The wounded sergeant, Rice, was lying under a neighboring tree with two surgeons bending over him dressing his wounds. The tent where Dorman was, was some distance up the company street, and as I walked toward it the crowd of men fell back on either side making a lane for me. When I got within ten feet of the tent, however, the ground was clear, the men naturally giving the tent and its opening a wide berth. The door of the tent was opposite to me, and a single candle burning within showed the stalwart fellow, Dorman, standing with his left hand clutching the center pole for support, while he drunkenly swayed backward and forward, brandishing the still bloody bayonet, cursing and swearing viciously, and defying any of the "d—d militia" to come near him. It occurred to me at once that it was fortunate for me that I had to deal with an old soldier of the army, rather than with one of the green recruits, as the former had long been under the influence of discipline, and would have a respect for the position of an officer which the other would not feel, and that I should be safer with the disciplined soldier than with a man who had known nothing of discipline and nothing of an officer's authority. I therefore continued to walk slowly across the open space toward the door of the tent until two of my men rushed after me and caught hold of me, trying to stop me, exclaiming, "For God's sake, Captain, don't go near

him. He is crazy drunk, and will kill any man who tries to touch him." I put their hands off of me, however, telling them I knew what I was doing. They fell back, and I slowly walked forward, keeping my eye steadily upon the man. When I saw that his eye caught mine, I kept mine fixed upon him, and said quietly, "Dorman, do you know who I am?" He replied with profanity, "Yes, you're the d—d little militia captain. If you come in here I'll make mincemeat of you." I replied, "That's all I want. If you know who I am, stop this nonsense and be quiet." I walked confidently up to him. As I approached him he drew back his hand with the bayonet as if he would make a savage lunge at my breast. I steadily approached him, however, keeping my eye fixed upon his. He evidently did not expect this, and quailed for a moment, drawing back. Still keeping my eye fixed upon his, I followed him up and took hold of his left arm. As I did so, he again drew back his weapon savagely, exclaiming with profanity, "I'll kill you." Again he was unprepared for my confident manner and voice, and his resolution failed him; he did not strike. With my other hand I drew down his right hand, which held the bayonet. He allowed me to take it out of his hand without further resistance. I then took him by the arm and marched him out of the tent and through the crowd, which readily fell back, to what we called the

"regimental guard-house," which was nothing else but a square piece of ground, staked out to represent the guard-house which we had not. I handed over the prisoner to the regimental guard and turned to walk back to my tent. I had not gone more than ten yards, however, before I heard a commotion and struggle behind me. Turning back, I found two guards and Dorman rolling in a heap on the ground. The sergeant of the guard informed me that Dorman had a canteen of whiskey suspended from his neck under his blouse and refused to give it up. I went up to him, and under cover of a few quiet words cut the cord with my penknife and drew away the canteen. Handing it to the sergeant, I went back to my quarters, and there was no more trouble. I knew of course that it was not my duty as an officer to act as I had done, but I felt that, all things considered, this was the best course. I felt sure I could succeed in controlling him by force of will, and that if I did so it would have a good moral effect upon the men. Besides this, our regimental guards were at that time so imperfectly organized that it would be difficult to resort to any other course. The incident evidently had a marked effect upon the men, and rendered the enforcement of discipline afterward more easy.

One afternoon, not many days after this incident, I was in my tent when I heard a

knock, and saying, "Come in," one of the sergeants entered. "Have you heard the news, Captain?" said he. "No," I replied, "what is it?" "The boys say that news has come to regimental headquarters that the elections in this company were not valid, and that the Adjutant-General of the state will be here himself to-morrow to hold elections for captain and lieutenants." This was most astounding news, and certainly not agreeable to those who thought themselves firmly established as officers for three years to come. After wearing our officers' uniforms, and being greeted by our friends and acquaintances as officers, it would be by no means pleasant to go back into the ranks and carry muskets as private soldiers for three years. For myself, I felt very doubtful whether I should be re-elected. I was conscious that I was not, and had not sought to be, what would be called "popular" with my men. I had regarded discipline as all important, and had aimed to be something of a martinet. I was enforcing a stricter discipline than was observed in many of the companies around us. For instance, it was quite the custom of the men generally to address their captains familiarly as "Cap," and to wear their own hats when they came into their officers' tents. Both these things I absolutely forbade, thinking them prejudicial to discipline, and was therefore thought to be making invidious distinctions between myself and my men. I had, however,

more trouble with the men of other companies than with my own. I had also felt it necessary to arrest and punish some of my men for what the men generally thought rather trivial offenses, and many signs convinced me that while I was perhaps respected by the men, I was not popular.

Soon after the sergeant left the tent Lieutenant Boal came in and confirmed the report, saying that he had been to the Colonel's quarters, and the rumor was true. He asked me what I should do in the matter. Having had a little time to think it over, I said that I would do nothing, but would remain captain of the company until the Adjutant-General appeared; I should not say a word to the men about it; they had had some experience with me now, and could judge whether I was the kind of man they wanted for captain or no; I should not try to influence them, but should leave the matter entirely to them.

I went on with my duties as usual, but I confess I spent a very anxious night. In the morning an order came for the company to be presented before the Adjutant-General for an election. I formed the company, marched it to the parade ground, drew it up in line before the Adjutant-General, and then stepped back into the ranks myself. He made a speech explaining the misunderstanding which had occurred; telling the men very plainly (rather insistently and unnecessarily so, it seemed to

me) that they were in no way bound by their previous action, and that they were now about to make a serious selection of men who were to command them during three years of actual service, probably in the face of the enemy; that it was a serious business, and they must so regard it, remembering that they had an entire right to elect any of their comrades whom they thought best fitted. I inferred that he had made a hasty estimate of me, and had concluded from my rather juvenile, delicate, and not very impressive looks that the men had originally made a mistake. He called his clerk beside him to keep a record of the election, and called for nominations for captain. My heart beat fast. To my surprise several of the men called out my name. It was entered by the clerk, and the men were promptly and impressively reminded that they could make as many nominations as they desired. There was a pause, but in spite of further promptings from the Adjutant-General, no other nomination was made, and I heard myself re-elected captain without a dissenting voice. I think there is no doubt that the Dorman incident, and that alone, secured my re-election. The lieutenants, who had so far incurred no responsibility and had given no reason for offense, were then both of them re-elected, and we all breathed freely again. This re-election, after it was past, gave me much gratification. I was glad to know that

after some little chance to test me the men did not repent of their choice, and that I now had their endorsement. I felt proud of my position, and much more confident of being able to fill it creditably. I realized that the position was an important one—much more important than I had ever hoped to fill in military life—and I felt that to fill it honorably and creditably for three years, or during the war, was all, or more than all, my ambition need aspire to. I resolved rather to seek to be a competent and efficient captain than to seek higher promotion.

The later weeks of August, 1862, were spent in camp at Camp Douglas, Chicago, and the busy days were all too short for our arduous efforts to learn the routine duties and drills of the soldier. To change our ideas and habits from those of the civilian to those of the soldier was no easy task. To change home and comfortable rooms for life in a tent was perhaps more novel than agreeable; but we applied ourselves to our new life with zest, in order to be prepared for efficient service later, when we should be brought face to face with the enemy in the field; for so far as I could see, every man in the company was fully possessed with the idea that there was no child's play before us, but serious, hard, and tragic work. The early reveille, the roll call, the details for guard duty, the fatigue duties about the camp, the guard mounts, the restrictions to the limits of the camp, the men's

monotonous meals at the military mess, all were novelties which soon became more arduous than pleasing.

But the great occupation and the great labor was drill—first squad drill, then company drill, and finally a little battalion drill. I soon developed a strong liking for conducting drills, and drilling my company became to me a real recreation. The mere practice in "setting up" the men—that is, teaching them the attitude and carriage of the soldier—was deeply interesting, and I soon found it as necessary to apply all this training to myself as to the men. To drill my company efficiently I must first drill myself, and this became a pleasure. Indeed I found myself inclined to become exacting in my demands upon myself as well as upon my men. To my surprise I discovered I was beginning not only to take an interest in active study of military duties but to like them. Soldiering was not at all lacking in interest, as I had supposed. All the other companies of the new regiment were engaged in the same earnest efforts to become soldierly and to fit themselves for the field, and soon a strong *esprit du corps* and friendly rivalry sprang up among the various companies of the regiment, which were generally commanded by young men of character and education from Chicago. Each captain of a company very soon began to betray characteristics of his own in managing and drilling his company, and the

companies naturally began to show the effects of these varying methods. There seemed to prevail generally among the new officers, not only of our own regiment, but of all the regiments encamped round about us, a sort of traditional belief that rough and boisterous language and much swearing were absolutely necessary in the efficient disciplining and drilling of soldiers. I did not believe this, and as I had never up to this time permitted myself to swear, I determined that my army life should not lead me to do so. Leaving out of consideration all thought of the moral or religious aspect of the habit, it seemed to me altogether disgusting, and the natural resource rather of the incompetent bully than of the gentleman, or even of the man of good common sense. The announcement that I proposed to drill and discipline my men without ever swearing at them produced much levity and amusement among certain of my fellow officers, and bets were freely offered that if I really persisted in this attempt I would soon find its futility, and that "in less than a month McClurg would be swearing worse than any man in the regiment." If these bets were taken they were not won by those who offered them. I kept my temper under control, and very soon the men began to respond handsomely to temperate language and decent treatment, and I had ultimately the satisfaction of knowing my company (Company H) was considered one of the two best

drilled and best disciplined companies in a first-rate regiment, its chief rival being the right company (Company A), commanded by Captain George W. Smith, and managed, I think, upon very much the same principles. Very early in boyhood I had been impressed with the strong common sense of the Latin motto *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.* "Gentle in manner, firm in purpose," and it was my aim to carry this out as far as possible in my military life, as well as in my civilian life.

There was at this time much demand for new regiments in the field, to close up depletions caused in the ranks by battle and disease, and we knew that our life at Camp Douglas would be very brief, as we must soon be ordered to the front. At last this order came, and we who had entered Camp Douglas on August 15th an unorganized mob of miscellaneous civilians, as unsoldierly as Falstaff's band of tatterdemalions, were ordered to the field as soldiers on September 4th. We had had three whole weeks in which to learn to be soldiers.

The morning of that day was bright and fine, and, headed by its drum corps, the regiment marched from camp at about nine o'clock, with drums beating and flags flying, for, contrary to regulations, through the patriotic ardor of the citizens, and particularly of the ladies, every company in the regiment had its flag and its color-bearer. We marched down Michigan

Avenue to the Illinois Central station. We were sure we made a fine show, and were fully conscious of the soldierly appearance we presented to the admiring thousands gathered to see "another Chicago regiment off for the front." The sidewalks and windows were crowded; the ladies waved their handkerchiefs and clapped their hands, while the men and children cheered. The day was very warm, and at frequent points along Michigan Avenue, when we halted for brief rests, women and girls circulated among us with lemonade and ice water. At one short rest at Twelfth Street I remember a blooming and enthusiastic maiden, who was really very pretty, poured ice water upon her dainty handkerchief and made me put it on my head inside of my cap to prevent sunstroke. Often afterward in camp I looked at that dainty handkerchief and wove many fancies about it, and wondered when I should meet that pretty and patriotic girl again. All the romances I had read taught me that I should meet her, but I never did. Her name was on the handkerchief, but not her address. Altogether our leaving for the front was an enthusiastic and an emotional experience, and many a one, like myself, found strange questionings rising within him; shall I ever again see these scenes, these streets, these homes, these evidences of peace and civilization? And we could make no confident reply.

Arrived at the station the men were much

surprised and indignant to find not a train of passenger coaches for our transportation, but a train mainly made of flat cars, and of cars which had recently been used for the transportation of coal and cattle, and which had not since been cleaned. Cars were scarce, and soldiers must be hurried to the field.

Soldiers, and especially new soldiers, may be brave and gallant, but they are, I think, naturally disposed to grumble; and there was quick and serious murmuring against the authorities for such treatment of patriotic soldiers leaving for the field. However, we were now under military command, and in spite of all dissatisfaction, men and officers were finally all aboard the train, and making themselves as comfortable as possible; the locomotive whistled, and amid the cheers of friends we were off for the front. Behind us were friends, quiet and peaceful homes, and all the refinements of peace and civilization; before us the mystery of the battle and the march, the hazard of life and of death. A light-hearted host of eight hundred young men were off to the field to meet the enemies of their country—the enemies, as we thought, of civilization and progress; how many, and which ones, of the eight hundred would come back, none of us knew, nor did we give much time to the question.

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The marches day after day were very long for green troops, and very wearisome. The

sun was intensely hot, and beat down upon us without obstruction, while the yellow clay roads, for weeks without rain, were baked and parched to such a degree that when the regiments in front of us had passed over them the dust which rose into the air was simply suffocating, and there was no wind to carry it aside. The men with their muskets and heavy knapsacks and the necessary rations suffered much. They were overcome by the intense heat, the suffocating dust, and the lack of water, for all the springs were dry. If, perchance, a mud puddle were found in the road through which wagon wheels and horses had recently passed, it was no uncommon thing to see the men throw themselves upon their faces and eagerly drink the hot and turbid water; and more than once I found myself doing the same thing, for the thirst was intolerable. Although the regiment was marching by the flank in column of fours, it was impossible to keep the men in compact ranks, as they straggled to the sides of the road seeking the easiest walking, and constantly, one after another, overcome with weariness, would straggle to the fence corners and lie down to rest. To have the men under my eye and prevent this, so far as possible, I frequently marched at the rear of my company instead of at the head. One afternoon, at perhaps three or four o'clock, when I had had unusually hard work trying to keep the men in their ranks, I was surprised to see one of the best and most faithful men in

the company, Corporal Ford, deliberately leave the company, walk off to the side of the road, and throw himself at full length upon the sod, face downward. Indignant at this example of one of my best soldiers before the less reliable men, I walked over rapidly to where he lay and touched him with my foot, saying, "Corporal Ford, I did not expect this of you; get up." He moved, and turned upward toward me one of the most pitiful faces I ever saw, covered with tears. "Captain," he said, "I have got the last straw that breaks the camel's back. You may kill me or do what you please with me, but I cannot march a step further now. Leave me here, and I shall get into camp by nine o'clock to-night." He was a faithful soldier and an entirely trustworthy man, who would never willingly shirk his duty; and there was nothing to do but to go on and leave him to rest and regain a little strength. We went into camp two or three hours later and five or six miles further on, and true to his word, Corporal Ford was in camp before nine o'clock that night. Afterward a sergeant, Ford is now in one of the numerous Soldiers' Homes which the government has erected as a refuge for the men who were broken down by the hardships and exposures of those trying days.

While the enlisted men were weighed down by musket, knapsack, and other impediments, the company officers generally, and myself

among the number, found a sword and the other light articles which we had to carry ponderously heavy before the end of the day's march; but in spite of this, the sufferings of the men frequently so appealed to me, as they did to other officers, that hour after hour I relieved one or another of my exhausted men by shouldering his musket for him. The sufferings of the enlisted man on the march were often appalling. His food was rough, and little varied, day after day bringing only the regular army ration of hard bread or "hardtack," salt pork, and coffee, always without milk, and often without sugar. His clothes, dealt out by the government, were of coarse and harsh material, and often so ill-fitting that they caused the most painful abrasion of the skin, especially where the pantaloons chafed the legs, and sores from this cause often made marching a prolonged agony. The ill-fitting government shoes supplemented this evil, and with the little opportunity the men sometimes had for bathing, their feet were often covered with raw sores. Their piteous appeals to the surgeons for relief from these minor but serious afflictions were almost futile, and their ingenuity in self-treatment and bandaging became very admirable. Rags smeared with soap were looked upon with much favor as bandages for the feet, and when they could get a little whiskey, the men would even pour it into their shoes rather than drink it.

One afternoon one of the numerous unaccountable stoppages of the column halted our regiment in front of a neat-looking farmhouse which stood a short distance back on the left-hand side of the road. The heat was, as usual, oppressive, and the men, breaking ranks, began looking for water. The well, near the farmhouse door, was quickly exhausted, as the water in it was low. The white inhabitants had deserted the house, and none but negroes were left about it. Somehow, whether from a hint from the negroes or not I do not know, the men removed a pile of old lumber between the house and the road and revealed beneath it an old abandoned well, which proved to have at the bottom of it five or six feet of clear and sparkling water. Procuring the bucket and rope from the other well, they had hauled up a bucketful of the sparkling and cool fluid. The looks of the well, however, when uncovered, beneath this pile of old lumber, was suspicious and uncanny. Inquiring of the negroes whether the water was all right, or whether it might not have been poisoned by the rebel family before they ran away, the men were assured by the negroes that it was poisoned. The men's inquiries had been prompted by the fact that, for a day or two previous to this, rumors had been widely circulated and believed among our troops that various wells in the vicinity had been poisoned, and that several deaths among our soldiers had resulted from drinking

the poisoned water. This announcement from the negroes was a terrible disappointment, as hundreds of soldiers, suffering from the most acute thirst, now sat about the well, with their famished eyes riveted upon the clear and sparkling water in the bucket. The disappointment was cruel. The idea that the water had been treacherously poisoned by civilized people seemed hardly probable. These Kentuckians undoubtedly sympathized with our enemies, but it did not seem reasonable to suspect them of resorting to the methods of barbarians in dealing even with enemies such as they thought us. After thinking the matter over I finally said to another officer, "I do not believe that water is poisoned; if you will take a cup of that water and drink it, I will do the same." He agreed. We sat down nearby accordingly, each with his cup of water, and began to drink it, while the men stood around us watching us with the utmost curiosity and interest, evidently uncertain whether they would not quickly see us turn pale and writhe in agony. Instead, however, we found the water most delicious, and each of us held out his empty cup for another draught. The thirsty crowds could hold back no longer, but drank the water as greedily as if it had been the long-sought-for fountain of eternal youth, so that before the regiment moved on the well was dry, and the regiment marched on happily refreshed.

During these wearisome and exhausting marches the wonderfully reviving and exhilarating effect of music was singularly shown. Contrary to popular belief, an army on the march moves ordinarily without music of any kind. The "cadenced step" observed by troops moving on parade or marching through a city is entirely abandoned, and "route step" only is used—that is, every individual man takes his own step and his own gait, carrying his musket in any way least irksome to him. Late in the afternoon, when a march of anywhere from fifteen to twenty-five miles had been made, under the severe conditions which I have described, a regiment presented a very sorry and unmilitary appearance. Probably one-half of the men, and often many more than one-half, had dropped out at various points along the way, and were lying, exhausted and foot-sore, in groves, under bushes, hedges, or fence rows, or anywhere where they could find shade and physical repose. The remainder, who still struggled on with the skeleton of the regiment, were scattered out from one side of the road to the other, often in the fields on each side of the road, for the fences had generally been burned, and presented the appearance of merely a rabble trying to keep up with the column. Sometimes under these circumstances the brigade band, a mile or two before the spot for going into camp was reached, would be ordered to strike up an inspiring and exhilarat-

ing march. The effect was always marvelous, and even without effort on the part of the officers, the men individually at once assumed a military carriage and bearing, and, striking the "cadenced step," straightened up their ranks and strode along with vigor and lightness of step, the signs of weariness and intolerable languor having all disappeared. The strains of the music seemed to make the blood course with vigor through the veins, the step became light and springy, and it seemed again almost a pleasure to stride on as trained soldiers. The sense of weariness was, to a great extent, gone. I remember too that on this march, one evening as late perhaps as six o'clock, when we were all utterly fagged out as usual, a lively cannonading sprang up ahead, and an order came back for our regiment to double-quick two or three miles to the front, where the rear guard of the enemy was making a stand. It must be remembered that we were new troops, and had never had a brush with the enemy. The effect of the anticipated going into action was quite as marvelous and stimulating as the strains of the band, and the men who before were so overcome with the weariness of long marching, stifling dust, and intense heat, that they could hardly drag one foot after another, now swung along on the light trot of the double-time step, to the sound of heavy firing just in front of them, with a lightness and vigor that seemed marvelous.

The unwonted excitement had had as invigorating an effect as music. At the end of our rapid advance, however, no foe was found; and when we were obliged to go into camp without the expected skirmish, the wearied and dispirited feeling returned with double force. The going into camp after these exhausting days was a wearisome business, for as a rule we were fortunate if we could get enough water to make coffee for our evening meal. There was seldom any that could be used even to wash off the caked mud, formed from the dust and perspiration, which covered our faces like masks. Sometimes my colored servant managed to procure for me somewhere a canteen full of water which I could use for this purpose, and I enjoyed the unwonted luxury of having him pour it into my hands, while I stood and hurriedly dashed it over my face. Verily the trials of the march were often more exhausting and more detrimental to health and strength than were those of battle.

During these days of toilsome marches General Buell's army was pressing upon and harassing the retreating army of Bragg, and finally on the seventh of October, Buell's forces so constantly pressed upon and threatened his enemy that the latter found it necessary to turn upon his foe and prepare for battle in the neighborhood of Perryville or Chaplin Hills. At the foot of these hills ran a small river or creek, and knowing the galling scarcity of water in

the region occupied by Buell's army, Bragg so disposed his forces as to prevent access to the stream. There was considerable heavy skirmishing between the two armies on the afternoon and evening of the seventh, and it was evident that both were preparing for a severe struggle on the next day. The troops with which our regiment was marching were well toward the rear of the column, and as we toiled on near nightfall, it became evident that our troops were concentrating and occupying positions favorable for forming line of battle in the morning. The anticipated battle was looked forward to with eagerness by the troops, who did not doubt the result. Although they did not like General Buell, their commander-in-chief, they had confidence in his ability as a soldier. The almost unknown corps commander, General C. C. Gilbert, they neither loved, respected, nor trusted; but already they had discovered the high soldierly abilities of their division commander, Philip H. Sheridan, and with him at their head they believed all would be right.

It was toward nine o'clock in the evening, I should think, when our regiment received instructions to take position on the summit of a hill supposed to be directly in front and parallel to Bragg's line of battle. We were instructed in approaching and taking this position, in the dark, to move with the utmost secrecy and silence. All clashing of arms, and even the

rattling of tin cups and canteens, was absolutely forbidden, lest the enemy should discover our movements. That day we had had the usual experience of a long, hot, and dusty march, and there was no prospect of any water for the night. As our regiment toiled in the silence and darkness, through the stifling atmosphere, up the dusty road which led to the top of the hill we were to occupy, my own company being near the center of the regiment, I heard a voice at the side of the road inquire, as each successive company filed by, "Is this Captain McClurg's company?" The question was repeated by a solitary figure in the darkness as my own company came up, and upon my replying in the affirmative, a tall and stalwart young officer in the uniform of a colonel of cavalry stepped quickly forward, grasped my hand, and drew me into a fence corner. At the same time he took from his neck and threw over my head the cord of a canteen filled with deliciously cold spring water, saying, "I have been waiting here, Alec, for half an hour, knowing your regiment would pass this way. You and your men have no chance to get water to-night. I have access to a fine spring at General Gilbert's headquarters, and I have brought this to you, knowing how much you will need it. Don't let too many of the officers or men know you have it, for a canteen full will not last long." The speaker was my favorite college companion and friend, then an

Ohio lad named Minor Millikin, and now "Colonel Minor Millikin, commanding the First Ohio Cavalry." I did not then know that he and his command were in that part of the army, but somehow he had learned that the Eighty-eighth Illinois Volunteers belonged to that particular division and brigade, and would pass along the road. He had become a successful and gallant soldier, but his old, tender, and affectionate friendship remained unchanged. He had been my ideal hero during my college days. He was highly educated and intellectual, magnificent in physique, six feet in height, but slender and active. He was a trained expert in all athletic exercises, particularly in boxing, running, and jumping, and was the most expert horseman I had ever known. He was an ardent Republican in politics and a devoted lover of his country, so he had enlisted at the very first call for troops, and had thus early risen to the command of a fine cavalry regiment. His dashing manner and brilliant conversation made him everywhere a marked man and a favorite. His fondness for athletic exercises led him to devote himself with ardor to the study and practice of fencing, and he was soon considered one of the best, if not the best, of the swordsmen in the Army of the Cumberland. Such was the man who waited that night by the roadside, in the heat and dust, to give his college friend a canteen of water. He was one of the noblest of

those who soon after fell in the battle of Stone River.

I was very grateful, and had much to say to him; but my regiment was filing on past me rapidly, and I was obliged to break away and run to regain the head of my company. The regiment was soon halted along the crest of the ridge, the same mysterious silence being preserved, and in the darkness we lay down upon our arms in line of battle, not knowing what the dawning daylight would reveal in front of us. Tired and weary as we were, we soon fell asleep, only to be rudely awakened about midnight by a battery of artillery trotting into position upon the very ground on which we were sleeping. There had been some confusion of orders, and the battery had been ordered into position there, in ignorance that the ground was already occupied by infantry. We knew nothing of our danger until we were awakened by the sound of horses' hoofs and by the rumbling of the guns and caissons. We were quickly withdrawn a short distance to the rear, and again lying down upon our arms, were soon sound asleep. This was our first "Night before the Battle."

In the morning we were very early withdrawn to another position in a little valley toward the rear, while to the front our artillery very soon began to roar, evidently hotly replied to, by the enemy. Soon, too, we began to hear the volley firing of infantry. These were novel

sounds at such short distance to men who had left their homes in Chicago only one month and four days before; but, naturally enough, as green soldiers, we were anxious to participate, and when the morning passed away and the early hours of the afternoon found us still in the reserve, and behind a line of low hills which entirely shut out all view of the battlefield, we bitterly bewailed the fate that kept us in the rear; for did it not then seem possible, and even probable, that we should never again have the opportunity to participate in or even to witness a great battle? While we were still in this position I was again happily surprised by a visit from my friend, Colonel Millikin. He said, "I have just come from that hill, where with a portion of my regiment I am stationed with General Gilbert and his staff, and I want you to go up there with me. It commands a magnificent view of the battlefield, and you may never have an opportunity to see such a sight again." I was at once fired with a strong desire to go with him, but I could not, without a sad breach of discipline, leave my command then, unless by permission of the colonel of my regiment. It happened that at that time there was a great deal of friction and animosity between most of the line officers of the regiment and our colonel, and, like many others of the officers, I did not speak with him, except officially. I therefore told Millikin that I could not go with him, as I

would not ask the colonel's permission, and I did not believe he would grant the permission if I did. Whereupon he at once exclaimed, "I will go and ask the permission for you. Your colonel will not refuse the request of another colonel." In a few moments he was at my side again with the desired permission, and we quickly ascended the hill together. Arrived at the top, amid the incessant roar of artillery and musketry, I had my first view of a battle-field from a safe distance. I must confess to a feeling at first of great disappointment, for it was not at all like what I had expected. Scattered over several miles of rolling fields and low hills, one could see, here and there, great puffs of smoke, which revealed the positions of belching batteries, and occasionally a battery of guns would be seen in motion wheeling into a new position and unlimbering its guns. Here and there, too, would be seen stretched out long, thin lines of blue-coated infantry, with long, thin lines perhaps of infantry clad in gray uniforms opposite to them, with a rapid interchange of musketry fire between them. Here and there, too, there were groups of mounted officers on both sides; but there were not anywhere the great masses of men that descriptions of battles had led me to expect. Nowhere were there massed any solid columns charging similar masses of the enemy; only here and there one of these thin, attenuated lines moving forward to dislodge

their enemy, perhaps from some post of vantage behind a fence row. It looked almost tame. It became exciting enough, however, when I realized that in reality poor fellows were dying and being maimed all over that vast field, while the fortunes of an unhappy country hung in the balance. I soon became very uneasy, and insisted on hastening back to my regiment, as I could not tell at what moment it might be ordered into action, and in such case I could not afford to be absent from my company even with permission. It was well I hurried back, for I had scarcely rejoined the command when the order to advance was delivered to our colonel. It seemed that one of our batteries was advantageously posted on a hill a little in advance of our general line, and was doing such execution upon the enemy that a confederate brigade had been put in motion to assault and capture it. Our regiment, with the remainder of our brigade, was ordered to the support of the battery and to meet and repel the attack. We were marched by the flank, along the crest of the hill, a little to the rear of the guns of Hescock's battery, were faced to the front, and ordered forward. We advanced, passed the guns, and started down the slope which the enemy's line, still concealed from us, was ascending. Neither we nor they had thrown out skirmishers, a thing which would scarcely have occurred later in the war, and as they

came up the rounding swell of the hill and we advanced down it, the two lines of battle confronted each other suddenly, at, I should think, not more than thirty yards' distance. With rare presence of mind and good judgment our colonel, knowing his troops to be untried, immediately commanded, "Battalion, halt! lie down!"—and followed this with the command, "Fire at will." There commenced at once a fearful exchange of volleys, but we had the advantage. It was our duty only to hold our ground. It was theirs to advance, and our volleys caused much more execution in their erect ranks than theirs could in our prostrate line. It happened that when our regiment was ordered forward more than half of my company was absent on detached duty, escorting and guarding a supply train, so that I had not more than from thirty to forty men in the ranks when we met the enemy. As this was the first time the regiment had been under fire, when the order to lie down was given by the colonel most of the company officers, knowing they were on trial before their men, remained upon their feet. I did so among the others, but not wishing to stand still, and so present an attractive target, I kept moving up and down behind my short company line, anxious that they should do their duty, and determined to check the first sign of panic or running away. The men fired steadily, rolling over upon their backs to load (for it must be remembered we

were armed with the old muzzle-loading guns), and, when they had loaded, each man again turning upon his stomach and rising upon his elbow to aim and fire. Just as one of the men, whom I happened to be looking at, rose thus to fire, a minie ball struck him in the breast, and he sank forward, limp and lifeless. Next to him lay a young stripling of a boy only about eighteen years of age. Seeing the blood gush from his companion's breast and his form sink limp and lifeless, the boy in a panic suddenly rose to his feet and started for the rear. I called to a sergeant, who was lying a few feet behind him, to stop him, but either not wishing to expose himself by rising to his feet or for some other reason, the sergeant allowed the boy to pass and run up the hill to the rear. Dreading the demoralization of the men by such an example, I started after him, and quickly overtaking him, caught him by the collar of his coat, swung him round to the front, and I am afraid my too willing foot helped to emphasize my order to return to his post. He had his musket in his hand, and running promptly down the hill again, he fell into his place beside his dead comrade and did his duty steadily through the remainder of the engagement. The exposed confederate force could not advance against our steady and effective fire, and soon retired down the hill, foiled in their purpose. The whole affair did not, I suppose, occupy over forty minutes, and

the regiment felt highly elated over the success of their first collision with the enemy. The execution in our own ranks was not severe, the regiment losing four killed and about thirty-five wounded. My own company, being Company H, was posted upon the flank of "C," the color company, so that it directly joined the colors of the regiment, and besides this the mounted officers of the regiment, the Colonel and the field officers, sat upon their horses almost directly in our rear, and these circumstances I suppose caused a concentration of the enemy's fire in our direction. Considering the small number of men in the ranks of the company at the time, we suffered somewhat out of proportion with the rest of the regiment, having two men killed outright and three wounded. When this brush was over the sun had set, and the enemy generally fell back from the front of our army. We felt that we had had the best of the struggle, and the troops generally, although many of the regiments had suffered very severely, were confident and exhilarated. We supposed that with returning daylight we should advance, and either completely rout or capture our enemy. In my company we gave immediate attention to the dead and wounded, burying two of our comrades upon the field where they fell, and seeing that the wounded were cared for by the surgeons.

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Suppression of the Times

[Reprinted from "Bygone Days in Chicago," by Frederick Francis Cook, by courtesy of A. C. McClurg & Co.]

ONE of the most exciting events in the annals of Chicago was the suppression of the *Times*, on June 2, 1863, by military edict. General Ambrose E. Burnside, chiefly distinguished for a magnificent pair of side-whiskers, had command of the department which included Chicago, with headquarters at Cincinnati; and from thence, on June 1, 1863, there issued a mandate, excluding the New York *World* from the mails within his military jurisdiction; and an order to General Sweet, commander at Camp Douglas, to take charge of the *Times* office and prevent any further issues of that notorious Copperhead sheet.

To call this order a blunder is the mildest characterization that can be applied to it. The unthinking mass of Republicans hailed it with delight, and gave it stout support. But the more sober-minded leaders of the party fully appreciated its menace, not only to civil liberty, but to law and order. Perhaps the one personally least concerned in this crisis was the owner and editor of the *Times*, Wilbur F. Storey. It required no prophet to predict that the order would not stand; and in the

meantime it gave the paper a country-wide notoriety, while the act served only to give color to the often reiterated charge (that for which the paper was suppressed), namely, that "the war, as waged by military satraps of the administration, was a subversion of the Constitution and the people's rights under the law."

To the Copperhead leaders the order came as a godsend. Through an irresponsible military zealot they had at one bound been fixed in the saddle, booted and spurred, with the hated "abolition" enemy divided, distracted, and on the run. Let it be remembered that Chicago was in fact a Democratic city; that it had a Democratic mayor and council; and that the *Times* was the municipality's official organ.

The order was in effect a declaration of martial law. Only by a military force could it be carried out and maintained, for the entire civil machinery, including the United States court, was opposed to it. Another step, and the city, the State, and wide areas beyond might be in the throes of a civil war within a civil war. As soon as the news of what was to happen spread among the people, the strain between the opposing sides became threateningly tense, and with "Copperheadism" most resolutely to the fore; while on every side one heard the threat, which grew with each hour, "If the *Times* is not allowed to publish, there will be no *Tribune*."

As soon as the news of the intended suppression reached the *Times* office, every department received a rush order, and the press (this was before the days of stereotyping, and the duplication of "forms") was set in motion at the earliest possible hour; while the issue as fast as printed was bundled out of the building into safe quarters for distribution. A horseman was sent to Camp Douglas, with orders to speed to the office as soon as a detachment of the garrison was seen to leave the camp. He arrived shortly after two o'clock with the report that the "Lincoln hirelings" had started; and within an hour a file of soldiers broke into the office and formally took possession. When everything had been brought to a standstill, and the place put in charge of a caretaker, the troops departed; but word was left that at the first sign of activity they would return. They did return shortly, on an unfounded report that an attempt was being made to issue a supplementary edition.

All through the day great crowds were gathered about the Randolph Street entrance of the publication office; and by evening the thoroughfare from State Street to Dearborn Street was a solid pack of humanity. Meantime the city had been flooded with handbills calling upon the people to resent this military interference with the freedom of the press, and making announcement that a mass meeting in protest of the order would be held on the

north side of the Courthouse Square in the evening. When the time for this meeting came, and a thousand oft-repeated cries of "Storey!" "Storey!" had met with no response, the crowd spontaneously moved two blocks west to the Square, where by eight o'clock an estimated crowd of twenty thousand people was gathered, which was to the full the city's total voting population.

The situation certainly called for serious, deliberate, and concerted action on the part of all law and order loving citizens. While the rank and file of the opposing currents stood face to face in sullen, menacing opposition, the conservative leaders of both sides were in council to avert threatening trouble. At a mob demonstration the Copperhead faction would undoubtedly have had a numerical advantage, besides having the partisan police on its side. But this was at least partly offset by the fact that the militia had been placed under arms, and could be depended on to side with the war party; and, moreover, in any protracted struggle, there was the Camp Douglas garrison to fall back upon, though any considerable withdrawal from that Rebel stronghold might in the circumstances have been a hazardous adventure.

The greatest concern was lest the meeting fall into the hands of irresponsible Copperhead demagogues who might inflame it to action. A favorite speaker with the Democratic masses

was E. W. McComas, an ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia, and editor of the *Times* under a former régime. He called the meeting to order, and devoted his introductory remarks to a counsel of prudence. Then he introduced Samuel W. Fuller as chairman, who spoke at considerable length in the same strain. After Fuller came General Singleton, a fiery Democratic war horse from the central part of the State, under whose lashings of the administration the meeting was brought close to the danger line. He was followed by E. G. Asay, another Democrat, in a more conciliatory vein. Then came Wirt Dexter, a prominent Republican lawyer, with the message that steps were being taken by leading men from both sides to have the Burnside order rescinded. He voiced in no uncertain tones the opposition of the conservative element of his party to this military interference with the freedom of the press, and assured the crowd that the measures to be taken would surely result in the President's rescinding the order. This speech had an excellent effect on the assemblage, and the danger point was passed.

While the mass meeting was in progress outside, another was taking place in one of the courtrooms. Judge Van H. Higgins was at this time a stockholder in the *Tribune*, and its property was in danger. Largely through his efforts prominent men from both sides had been brought together, and Mayor Sherman

was called to the chair. The meeting was addressed among others by Judge Van H. Higgins, Senator Lyman Trumbull, Congressman I. N. Arnold, and Wirt Dexter for the Republicans; and by William B. Ogden, S. S. Hayes, A. W. Arrington, and M. F. Tuley for the Democrats.

On motion of William B. Ogden, Chicago's first mayor, the following preamble and resolution were adopted:—

"Whereas, in the opinion of this meeting of citizens of all parties, the peace of this city and State, if not also the general welfare of the country, are likely to be promoted by the suspension or rescinding of the recent order of General Burnside for the suppression of *The Chicago Times;* therefore

"Resolved, that upon the ground of expediency alone, such of our citizens as concur in this opinion, without regard to party, are hereby recommended to unite in a petition to the President, respectfully asking the suspension or rescinding of the order."

When one contrasts this negative and colorless declaration with any word pro or con that might have been sent to the President as expressive of the sentiments of the passion-blown crowd outside, one feels instinctively that all the elements that entered into the problem before the meeting of leaders were weighed with the utmost care, and the equation reduced to its dynamic minimum.

On motion, Messrs. William B. Ogden, Van H. Higgins, A. C. Coventry, Hugh T. Dickey, and C. Beckwith were appointed a committee to promote the circulation of the petition among the people. The resolutions were at once forwarded to the President, with an additional telegram signed jointly by Senator Trumbull and Congressman Arnold, praying him to give the voice of the meeting immediate and serious consideration.

And still further action was taken to restore the balance between the civil and military powers so rudely disturbed. The courts were appealed to, and shortly after midnight Judge Thomas Drummond of the United States court, issued a writ directing the military authorities to take no further steps to carry into effect the Burnside order.

No man stood higher in the community than Judge Drummond. In issuing the order his honor spoke these pregnant words:—

"I may be pardoned for saying that, personally and officially, I desire to give every aid and assistance in my power to the Government and to the administration in restoring the Union. But I have always wished to treat the Government as a government of law and a government of the Constitution, and not as a government of mere physical force. I personally have contended, and shall always contend, for the right of free discussion, and the right of commenting under the law, and under

the Constitution, upon the acts of officers of the Government."

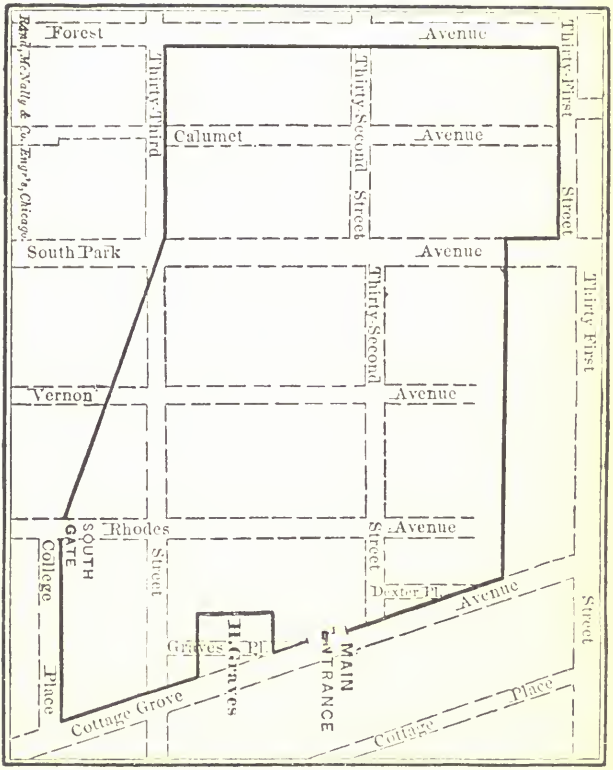
How serious the menace to the *Tribune* was regarded may be judged from the fact that the correspondent of the New York *Herald* closed his dispatch for the night, "At this hour the *Tribune* still stands." None were more alive to the danger threatening their property than the owners of this resolute war paper. According to reports the old Clark Street rookery opposite the Sherman House, and within sound of the clamor of the great assemblage, had been transformed into an arsenal, with Colonel Jennison, of "jayhawking" notoriety, in command. This whilom lieutenant of "Osawatomie" Brown, during the trying "Bloody Kansas" days, was endowed by the mass of Republicans with an almost superhuman prowess; and at the same time was a veritable red rag to the Copperhead bull. He was togged in quite the present cowboy fashion; and whenever seen on the street was followed by a crowd of gaping admirers. Armed men, according to rumor, had been quietly smuggled to the lofts of various buildings about the *Tribune;* and, in case the journalistic stronghold was attacked, on a word from this leader they would strew Clark Street with Copperhead corpses. These reports, however small their foundation, had no doubt a salutary effect on the more timid.

That Colonel Jennison was *en rapport* with

the denizens of a number of upper floors in the neighborhood, there is no manner of doubt. There were human wild beasts to subdue in that vicinage; and, as a hunter who could track the "tiger" to his lair, the Colonel had few equals.

The Democrats having had their inning, there was a gathering in force of Republicans on the following evening, their obvious object being to call to account those members of the party who had memorialized the President to undo the work of Burnside. When Senator Trumbull undertook to address the meeting he found the crowd in a very ugly mood. He was frequently interrupted, again and again charged with consorting with "traitors," with aiding and abetting the enemy, while over and over again there were cries, "We want Jennison," "Jennison is the man for us." On the same evening a meeting, at which practically all the newspapers of the city were represented, was held in New York, with Horace Greeley in the chair, and the Burnside order was denounced in no uncertain terms.

On the following day, June 4th, General Burnside announced that the President had rescinded both the *World* and *Times* military order. The result was that the circulation of the *Times* was largely increased.



CAMP DOUGLAS, 1864–5.

History of Camp Douglas

[Paper read before The Chicago Historical Society, by William Bross, June 18, 1878.]

CHICAGO, with the exception of San Francisco the youngest of the leading cities of the republic, has abundant reason to be satisfied with her patriotic record made during the Rebellion. From that quiet sabbath morning, when the news flashed through the streets that the rebels had fired upon Fort Sumter at 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon, April 12, 1861, and the people left their churches, with the organ pealing out the "Star Spangled Banner," till treason was stamped out by the capture of Jeff. Davis, on the 10th of May, 1865, a very large majority of them seemed deeply imbued with the same spirit that inspired their fathers when "they pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," to preserve the integrity, and to establish the liberty of their country. The Board of Trade, though purely a commercial organization, was accorded the leadership in raising regiments and batteries, and they, and our merchants and citizens generally, poured out their money without stint for this purpose, and to send hospital stores to the front; the ladies got up sanitary fairs, and

generally, from the beginning to the end of the war, all the energies, the wealth, and the power of the city were at the service of the government. The treason and malignity of the few slimy Copperheads, that crawled about the dens of the city, seemed only to render the patriotism of the people the more conspicuous and inspiring. But though few in number, the traitors were ever active, and if Chicago escaped the bloody riots, the murders, and the incendiaries' torch that were rife in New York and Baltimore, it was simply because she had a small force of "the bravest of the brave" at Camp Douglas, commanded by an able general, whose energy never faltered, and whose vigilance never slept.

The State has recorded, too briefly, it is true, the deeds of our brave boys on the battle-fields of the republic. The National Sanitary Commission has preserved the benevolent acts of our people; but the complete history of Camp Douglas, and the means by which Chicago was saved from destruction, remains to be written.

Professor Elias Colbert in his "History of the Garden City," published in 1868, gives much valuable information and very important facts and figures, for many of which I am greatly indebted, but I shall confine myself, in this paper, mainly to what I know personally about these matters, to statements of men now living in our midst, and accurate sources of information now in my possession.

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Late in May, 1864, General Sweet was ordered to take command of Camp Douglas. As only thirteen years have passed since it was abandoned, its property removed, and its buildings were sold, it may seem strange that the most difficult part of my task has been to find what were its exact boundaries. I could say, with scores of our old citizens of whom I asked the question, "Where was Camp Douglas?" that it was located directly north of the University, fronting east, on Cottage Grove Avenue; but what were its exact limits east and west, north and south, it seemed, for a time, about impossible for me to determine. After devoting leisure half-hours among my friends for a couple of weeks, with no satisfactory results, I fortunately made the acquaintance of Captain E. R. P. Shurley, General Sweet's assistant adjutant-general, Captain Charles Goodman, for most of the time chief quartermaster, from October 23, 1862, till the camp was closed; and his chief assistant, Captain E. V. Roddin. It is the highest possible compliment to Captain Goodman that about $40,000,000 worth of Government property passed through his hands, and not a single mistake of any kind was found in his accounts. These gentlemen, on Tuesday, June 4th, spent half a day with me going all around and over the grounds once occupied by Camp Douglas, and it was one of the richest treats I ever enjoyed to hear them locate the different parts of it, and

talk over the incidents of these memorable years. "Here were the ovens, there the hospitals; here was the dead-line, and there the officers' quarters; here were the rebel barracks, and in this corner, those that escaped usually dug out."

The sewer at the foot of Thirty-third Street, costing $9,000, though the digging was done by the rebels, half a dozen of whom came near losing their lives by the caving of the banks, still does excellent duty, and discharges a large stream into the lake; it was built of plank, and hence it may be doubted whether it will last as long as the *Cloaca Maxima*, which still performs the same service for which it was built by Tarquin, 2,500 years ago.

In 1861, when the camp was located by General A. C. Fuller, then adjutant-general of the State, and until after it was abandoned in 1865, the ground it occupied, and all around it, was open prairie. For this reason the Government took possession of it for that purpose. Now there are several streets cut through it, and single houses, and even blocks are scattered over it in all directions. Hence, it is no disparagement to the excellent military gentlemen who so kindly accompanied me, that they were not a little confused, as to where the fence around Camp Douglas was, and it was not till they compared their impressions with the positive knowledge of the owner of the grounds, Henry Graves, Esq., whom

we fortunately met, that I was able to settle, as I hope, definitely, where the enclosure of the camp was located. None of the streets are named on the latest lithograph of Captain Goodman, as also that of Captain Shurley, both of which I have the pleasure, in their behalf, to present to the Society, though it is not at all difficult to locate Cottage Grove Avenue. A map kindly furnished me by W. B. H. Gray, Esq., conceded to be the best informed man in the city in regard to its topography, was valuable to us; but I am sorry to say it is incorrect in several particulars.

After all these preliminaries, I can now say that the boundaries of Camp Douglas were as follows: The south east corner was at the intersection of Cottage Grove Avenue and College Place, the northern boundary of the University grounds; thence the line ran west on College Place to its intersection with Rhodes Avenue; thence diagonally in a northwesterly direction to the corner of South Park Avenue and Thirty-third Street; thence west on Thirty-third Street to its intersection with Forest Avenue; thence north on Forest Avenue to Thirty-first Street; thence east along Thirty-first Street to South Park Avenue; thence south along South Park Avenue about one hundred and sixty feet; thence east to Cottage Grove Avenue; thence along that avenue to the place of beginning, except the residence of Henry Graves, Esq., around which the fence

was built as shown upon the lithograph.[1] It was, perhaps, two hundred feet south of the main entrance, three hundred feet front on Cottage Grove Avenue by two hundred feet deep. Since the camp was abandoned, Thirty-second Street has been cut through east and west; and Graves and Dexter Place, Rhodes, Vernon, South Park, and Calumet avenues, with sundry alleys north and south, so that its location might well confuse any one who had not been constantly on the ground as Mr. Graves has, to take note of the changes that have been so constantly going on from year to year. And besides, as above stated, many blocks of residences, single dwellings, and several grocery houses are now scattered all over it. The south gate was at Rhodes Avenue; the main entrance, the posts of which are still to be seen just above the ground, was a little north and nearly in front of B. F. Ransom's livery stable. It, with the building next south of it, and the building south of the United States Hotel, on the southeast corner of Cottage Grove Avenue

[1]Since the text was written, Mr. Charles Cook, who, as boss-carpenter, erected the buildings at Camp Douglas, has brought me a survey of the camp, on which the west line is Calumet Avenue. But as Messrs. Shurley, Goodman, Roddin, and Colonel Pierce all agree that Forest Avenue was the west line, I prefer to let the description stand; and, as the survey has no date attached, it may be inferred that the camp was afterward extended to Forest Avenue to afford more room for the barracks of the rebel prisoners.

and Thirty-first Street, are a part of the buildings once located within the camp. The fence was a substantial wood structure, some twelve feet high, with a walk around it on the inside, some four feet below the top, for the sentinels to go their rounds. This walk or parapet commenced at the entrance on Cottage Grove Avenue, and extended all around the camp. The northeast part of the camp was occupied by the barracks of the troops and officers' quarters.

Camp Douglas was named for Senator Douglas, who gave the grounds for the University, and whose dust reposes on the lake shore near it. In your behalf and that of the people of the State, I had the honor to sign the bill that appropriated the money from the State Treasury to purchase that acre from his widow, and on which an appropriate monument is soon to perpetuate his memory. Camp Douglas was built in the latter part of the summer of 1861, by Colonel Joseph H. Tucker, who had been ordered by Governor Yates to take command of the northern district of the State. It was at first intended to use it for the troops raised in this part of the State, as a camp of instruction and rendezvous, but Captain Christopher, United States recruiting officer then stationed in the city, assumed the cost of its construction, and it was turned over to the general government. Immediately after the capture of Fort Donelson, in February, 1862

Colonel Tucker was ordered to prepare for the reception of the rebels taken there and in some other engagements, and in a few days between eight and nine thousand prisoners arrived in camp. Near the close of the month Colonel Tucker was superseded by Colonel Mulligan, who there organized his Irish brigade. In June, Colonel Tucker was ordered to take command of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, and again took charge of the camp. During the summer and fall a large number of our own paroled men, captured at Harper's Ferry and other places, among them Captain Goodman, arrived in camp, and on the last day of September, General Tyler was placed in command. His rule was severe and unpopular and the cause of much trouble and ill feeling. In the fall of 1862, General Tyler was superseded by General Ammon; our troops that had been paroled at Harper's Ferry were exchanged, and nearly all of them left for the front, and their place was supplied by a camp full of rebel prisoners. Coming, many of them, from the far South, they suffered severely from the inclemency of our winter. Of course, in spite of all that the officers of the camp, and a self-appointed detachment of our benevolent ladies, could do, large numbers died, and what was due to the rigor of the climate was charged, by the malignant Copperheads, to the neglect and the cruelty of our people. But it is a fact, for the truth of which I appeal to thousands of living

men, North and South, that the prisoners, all through the history of Camp Douglas, were treated precisely as our own soldiers. They had full rations of the best of food, and the sick had all that the most skillful physicians and the most careful nursing could do for them. Captain Shurley relates that, while on duty at Richmond, after the war, he was recognized by some of his former prisoners, and so grateful were they for their kind treatment while here, that they gave him a splendid dinner, and treated him with all possible attention and politeness. I forbear to draw a parallel between the treatment the rebels received and the systematic cruelty and starvation, even to death, which our brave boys were forced to suffer in the prison pens of the South. Those who saw, as I did, scores of mere ghostly skeletons returning from Salisbury and Andersonville, in 1864, will recoil from the horrible memory.

The winter of 1862–63 was an eventful one, and many were the men who passed to their long homes in Camp Douglas. By March, 1863, the prisoners had nearly all been exchanged, and only a few of our own troops remained as a guard for them. Up to this time at least 30,000 troops had been recruited, drilled, organized, and equipped at Camp Douglas. Professor Colbert enumerates them as follows: Rock Island Regiment, Nineteenth, Twenty-third, Twenty-fourth, Forty-second, Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth, Fifty-first, Fifty-

third, Fifty-fifth, Fifty-sixth, Fifty-seventh, Fifty-eighth, Sixtieth, Sixty-fifth, or Scotch Regiment; Sixty-seventh, Sixty-ninth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second, or First Board of Trade; Eighty-eighth, or Second Board of Trade; Eighty-ninth, or Railroad Regiment; Ninetieth, or Irish Legion; Ninety-third, One Hundred and Fifth, One Hundred and Thirteenth, Van Arman's Regiment, and the Third Board of Trade Regiment. Of infantry companies, the German Guides and the Lyman Color Guard. Cavalry: Ninth, Twelfth, and Thirteenth Illinois. Artillery: First Illinois, Bouton's, Bolton's, Silversparre's, Phillips', Ottawa, Merchantile, Elgin, and Board of Trade batteries. Besides this immense work as a camp of rendezvous and instruction, some 17,000 rebel prisoners and 8,000 of our own paroled troops had all been cared for in and about Camp Douglas in the short space of about eighteen months. This shows what the sternly loyal city of Chicago and the great Northwest were ready and willing to do to rescue the republic from treason and rebellion. I said these troops were cared for in and about Camp Douglas, for it will be remembered at times the section west of the camp and nearly to State Street and south, far away toward Hyde Park, were covered with camps and open spaces for drilling the troops.

Activity again was the order of the day during the last half of the year 1863, for some 5,000

rebel soldiers arrived in camp; General Ammon was ordered to Springfield, and Colonel De Land, of the First Michigan Sharpshooters, was made post commandant under General Orme. During the winter of 1863–64, the usual incidents of camp life occurred. Colonel De Land ordered a substantial fence built, the one heretofore described, several new buildings were erected, and the camp was improved in all respects. These important improvements were made under Captain Charles Goodman, his assistant, Captain E. V. Roddin, having the immediate charge of the work. On the 2d of May, 1864, General Orme resigned, and General B. J. Sweet assumed the command, his headquarters being on Washington Street, in the city. Colonel James Strong had the immediate command for a time, under General Sweet, but about the middle of July, General Sweet removed to camp and took personal command, as the exigencies seemed to require his constant presence. He ordered the prisoners' barracks to be raised several feet, so as to render it impossible for them to dig tunnels and thus escape; their quarters were enlarged; additional hospitals and buildings for stores and equipments were erected, and in all respects the accommodations for troops and prisoners were greatly enlarged and improved. Two regiments, the Eighth and Fifteenth, of the Veteran Reserves—only about 1,000 men, were all the troops General Sweet had to guard

his prisoners—every available man had been sent to the front; but just before the assembling of the Democratic Convention, on Monday, July 29th, he was reinforced by the One Hundredth Pennsylvania Regiment, ninety day troops, and the Twenty-fourth Ohio Battery. They were supplied with the best of Parrott guns, and were kept as a reserve in case of emergency.

At the commencement of 1864, there were some 5,000 rebel prisoners in camp, and about 7,500 were received during the year, and there were probably from ten to twelve thousand there during the incidents I am about to describe. With this very inadequate force, had it not been for the marked ability of General Sweet and his sleepless vigilance, your humble servant and hundreds of other citizens would probably have lost their lives in the burning and massacres that would have followed the breaking out of the prisoners from Camp Douglas.

In the spring and early summer of 1864 the whole country was shrouded in gloom. For more than three years the war had been raging, and yet the rebellion seemed still strong and vigorous and likely to require years of hard fighting before it could be put down, if in fact so desirable a result could ever be achieved. Even brave hearts quailed when thinking upon the tens of thousands of noble patriots who had fallen before the serried hosts of the

rebellion, or were wasting slowly away amid tortures worse than death, in rebel prison dens. On every street could be seen strong men, known to all of us, with an empty sleeve, or hobbling along on crutches; and orphans and woe-stricken women in sable garments met us at every turn. Foreign nations were losing confidence in our cause. Lord Bulwer had declared in the English Parliament that it was for the interest of humanity that America should be divided into at least four separate States, for if the country remained united, "in a century hence it would contain two hundred millions of people hanging like a dark cloud upon the civilization of the world." The credit of the nation was about gone, for in July, gold rose to 285, making the greenback, and therefore the credit of the government, worth only thirty-five cents on the dollar. Some enthusiasm followed the renomination of Mr. Lincoln, in June, at Baltimore, but our armies were not generally successful, and a darker pall of gloom settled down upon the country. On the 30th of July, the mine at Petersburg was exploded, and in it Chicago lost Colonel John A. Bross, and most of his officers, who were selected from the noblest and best young men of the city. Washington did not escape the general despondency. On my way to the front to seek the body of my lost brother, early in the morning before any one else, I called on Mr. Lincoln. His table

was covered with reports and bundles of documents over which he was poring; but he received me most cordially and asked anxiously for news from the West. I told him the people were patriotic and determined as ever; but it could not be denied that they were anxious and earnest for a more vigorous prosecution of the war. "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, sadly, "they want success and they haven't got it; but we are all doing the best we can. For my part I shall stay right here and do my duty. Traitors will find me at my table. They can come and hang me to that tree if they like," pointing with his long skinny finger to the maple at his window.

Such was the condition of the country when the Democratic convention assembled in this city on Monday, August 29th, 1864. It had been postponed from July 4th, in order that the plottings of the Copperhead portion of it might be the better matured. The gloom that pervaded the whole country was especially thick and murky in Chicago. The Knights of the Golden Circle and the Copperheads of every stripe and hue were decidedly active and venomous. Whisperings of blood running through the streets ankle deep, and lamp posts bearing black Republican fruit, were in the air. Canada was swarming with rebel officers who in twenty-four hours could be in the city, and it was believed that many were here ready to take command of the

rebel prisoners at Camp Douglas at any moment.[1]

It is in times like these that strong men and patriots step forward to save their countrymen

[1]In confirmation of this, Captain Shurley, in a note to me, dated June 3d, says:—

"At one time we had 22,000 prisoners there, and only a few hundred men for duty at the time the conspiracy was brewing. It was impossible to get reinforcements, notwithstanding General Sweet's urgent appeals. I must say at this time, and after these years have elapsed, that the city of Chicago does not know what she owes to General Sweet.

"I released the remaining prisoners of war, and after General Sweet, I was the last commanding officer of that camp—thirteen years ago. After I had paroled some of the most intelligent, I questioned them in reference to the "conspiracy"; they told me that they were divided into companies, regiments, and brigades, and confidently expected officers from the South to command them, and the intention was to destroy Chicago after securing all the arms, horses, and whatever would be useful in the prosecution of their war. There is no question that but for the energy, forethought, and ability of General Sweet, and the manner in which he was sustained by General Hooker, serious consequences might have ensued. The question is often asked me, Was there really a conspiracy for that purpose—to burn Chicago and other western towns? All the papers passed through my hands. The reports of the spies out, what transpired at the sessions held by the Knights of the Golden Circle and other kindred organizations in this city, all make me sure there was such a conspiracy. But history should do justice to one who was arrested at that time; I refer to Judge Buckner S. Morris. He was entirely innocent of any such attempt, although arrested and held in camp."

from pillage and massacre. General Sweet proved himself the man for the hour. Perhaps two weeks before the Convention assembled, I was standing near the *Journal* office, then in front of the Tremont House, when a friend said to me, "Do you know there are ten thousand stands of arms secreted in cellars and basements within four blocks of us?" I said, "I presume the rebels have that many hid in different parts of the city." During the afternoon several similar stories were told me by others, and in the morning, thinking General Sweet should know them, I called on him at Camp Douglas. He listened to the facts and suspicions I narrated, with great attention; said he would investigate them and call at my office the next day at eleven o'clock. I had previously, if any, a mere casual acquaintance with General Sweet, but his close attention and careful analysis of the facts I had given him gave me great confidence in his ability and fitness for the important post he occupied. He called promptly as appointed and I found his entire detective force had been busy all night searching the city through; that he had verified some of our suspicions, and got track of many more. He had, subsequently, trusty men in every Golden Circle of the Knights, and by ten o'clock next day he knew what had occurred, and the plans that were made all over the city. Almost every leading rebel that arrived from the South or from Canada was

spotted and tracked to his den and could not move, even for the most trivial purpose if a leading man, but sharp loyal eyes were upon him. For a week or more I saw General Sweet frequently, and I found that his detectives tracked like sleuth-hounds every scent and rumor to its source, and his plans and the way he carried them out filled my highest ideal of the ability needed to cope with his adversaries, and I therefore soon gave the matter little further care and attention. On Saturday, August 26th, the Democratic politicians, many of them very respectable gentlemen, with their blowers and strikers, began to arrive. As day after day passed, the crowd increased till the whole city seemed alive with a motley crew of big-shouldered, blear-eyed, bottle-nosed, whisky-blotched vagabonds—the very excrescence and sweepings of the slums and sinks of all the cities in the nation. I sat often at my window on Michigan Avenue, and saw the filthy stream of degraded humanity swagger along to the wigwam on the lake shore and wondered how the city could be saved from burning and plunder, and our wives and daughters from a far more dreadful fate. Many besides myself would have been in despair had we not trusted in the good providence of God, General Sweet, and the brave boys under him. We knew that he had small squads of men with signs and passwords in all the alleys in the central portions of the city ready to concentrate at the

point of danger at any moment. But the city had another and an efficient source of safety of which many of our people even at this day have not the slightest knowledge. It was a matter of wonder then, and perhaps has been ever since, how such a horde of cut-throats and bloated, beastly vagabonds, spoiling for free whisky and a free fight, could have been kept in perfect order; for our streets under presence of so many people were never more orderly, and in its doings and surroundings the Democratic convention of 1864 was as quiet and respectable as any other political body that ever assembled in the city. This fact can be best understood by relating an incident.

On my way to my office early on Monday, calling in a store on Clark Street, a friend said to me, "Do you know the danger we have escaped?" Feigning ignorance, I asked what. He said, "A young gentleman from Kentucky, a warm friend of mine, came in on Friday morning, and in a whisper, inquired anxiously if my family were in the city; for if they are," said he, "by all means as you love them, send them to the country this afternoon. Look for horrid times within the next three days—the Devil will be to pay." He was greatly relieved when I told him they were already in the country, and would stay for several days. As he left he said, "For my sake, keep mum and take good care of yourself." This morning he came in, every feature beaming with

pleasure, and said: "We're all safe; the New York politicians, Dean Richmond, Seymour, Tilden, and the rest, arrived Saturday and yesterday morning; they caucused all day yesterday, and last night they put down their foot and declared if there were any riots or disturbance it would ruin the Democratic party; they might as well go home, for the cause would be lost and they would be beaten out of sight at the polls, and orders were accordingly given to the clans and messes." And said he, "In spite of the hordes of brutal wretches you see everywhere, this will be the most orderly convention you ever saw." So it was, and that the orders were imperative and well understood is well illustrated by another pertinent incident. Henry M. Smith was at the time in the editorial department of the *Tribune*. He was standing at the entrance, 45 Clark Street, on Monday afternoon, I think it was, when he noticed two big bullies watching him and the boys who every few minutes darted out with a package of documents which they distributed freely to all who would take them. Glancing over the pamphlet, they saw it contained a sharp, searching war record of their party, and came across the street and asked Smith if he belonged to the *Tribune* office. Answering that he did, they ordered him, with words and adjectives far more expressive and profane than polite, to stop sending out such lying stuff. Quick as lightning the plucky little

editor struck the brute with all his might square on his nose, and the rebel blood spurted in all directions. Either of the men might have crushed the life out of Smith in a moment, but they did not. They knew they must obey their orders, and that there must be no rows, and quietly pocketing the insult they walked toward the Sherman House. In a few moments after, they were arrested and lodged in jail, and then I expected an attempt to rescue them every hour by the abominable rabble in the city, but they obeyed orders, and left their friends to their fate. In the evening or early morning they were let out on their own recognizance and that was the end of the matter. In the light of what followed, it is a fair inference that, in commanding and keeping the peace, the wily New York politicians had not only an eye upon the election to be held in November, but a wholesome regard for their own safety; for it is not unlikely their friends and detectives had pretty accurate knowledge of the arrangements General Sweet had made to give their crowd of bloated wretches a very lively time of it; and in this sternly loyal city, should an *émute* occur, their own precious skins might be very uncomfortably punctured. Their villainous schemes took a wider range, and likely to do the rebellion far better service, for from their wigwam on the lake shore they planned and got up a tremendous fire in the rear.

By resolving "that after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, during which, under the pretense of a military necessity, or war power, higher than the Constitution, the Constitution itself has been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private right alike trodden down, and the material prosperity of the country essentially impaired, justice, humanity, and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for the cessation of hostilities"; and this "fire in the rear" they knew they could keep up among the people with perfect safety to each party hack, with great advantage to the rebels till after the November election. Thus they insulted the patriotism of the nation, polluted the breezes and defiled the pure waters of Lake Michigan, by blurting out their blatant treason in the face of high Heaven. The loyal men of the nation accepted the gauge of battle, and the election of Mr. Lincoln and the indorsement of his policy to put down the rebellion is one of the most important and glorious events in the history of this republic.

During the months of September and October the nation trembled as by an earthquake from the center to circumference. The war of words in the rail cars, on the streets, from the stump—in fact, everywhere in the loyal states—was loud, bitter, relentless, and unceasing. Sherman was fighting his way, inch by inch, toward Atlanta; Grant was pounding

away in the wilderness, and it required all the energy of Secretary Stanton, a war minister whose place in history has scarcely ever been equaled, to fill up the ranks, decimated before the rebel intrenchments. In its desperation, the Genius of the rebellion seemed more active, malignant, and fiendish than ever. Plans to burn all the leading cities of the North and to scatter infectious and deadly diseases throughout the loyal States were carefully and earnestly discussed among the chiefs of the Confederacy.[1]

RICHMOND, February 11, 1865.

HIS EXCELLENCY, PRESIDENT DAVIS,

President C. S. A.

Sir: When Senator Johnson, of Missouri, and myself waited on you a few days since in relation to the prospect of annoying and harassing the enemy by means of burning their shipping, towns, etc., there were several remarks made by you upon the subject that I was not fully prepared to answer, but which, upon subsequent conference with parties proposing the enterprise, I find cannot apply as objections to the scheme. The combustible materials consist of several preparations, and not one alone, and can be used without exposing the party using them to the least danger of detection whatever. The preparations are not in the hands of McDaniel, but are in the hands of Professor McCullough, and are known but to him and one other party, as I understand.

[1]This discussion was kept up through the winter of 1864-65, as the following letter will show. I am indebted to Captain Shurley for the privilege of publishing it. He saw the original before it was sent to Washington, and vouches for its accuracy.

There is no necessity for sending persons in the military service into the enemy's country, but the work may be done by agents, and in most cases by persons ignorant of the facts, and therefore innocent agents.

I have seen enough of the effects that can be produced to satisfy me that in most cases, without any danger to the parties engaged, and in others but very slight, we can (1) burn every vessel that leaves a foreign port for the United States. (2) We can burn every transport that leaves the harbor of New York, or other Northern port, with supplies for the armies of the enemy in the South. (3) Burn every transport and gunboat on the Mississippi River, as well as devastate the country of the enemy, and fill his people with terror and consternation. I am not alone of the opinion, but many other gentlemen are as fully and thoroughly impressed with the conviction as I am. I believe we have the means at our command, if promptly appropriated and energetically applied, to demoralize the Northern people in a very short time. For the purpose of satisfying your mind upon the subject, I respectfully but earnestly request that you will have an interview with General Harris, formerly a member of Congress from Missouri, who, I think, is able by conclusive proof to convince you that what I have suggested is perfectly feasible and practicable.

The deep interest I feel for our cause in this struggle, and the convictions of the importance of availing ourselves of every element of defense, must be my excuse for writing you and requesting to invite General Harris to see you. If you should see proper to do so, please signify to him when it will be convenient for you to see him.

I am, very respectfully, your ob'dt serv't,

[Signed] W. S. Oldham.

It has the following indorsement:

Secretary of State, at his earliest convenience, will please see General Harris, and learn what plan

he has for overcoming the difficulty heretofore experienced. [Signed] J. D.

February 20, 1865.

Rec'd Feb. 19, 1865.

In the loyal states, and in our own city especially, venomous Copperheads kept up their warfare to the very last week of the canvass. They were bent on letting loose the ten thousand prisoners in Camp Douglas, that they might burn and destroy the city, and thus prevent an election here.[1] And besides, they

[1]An attempt was actually made to break out. In a note to me, Captain Shurley says:—

"In October, 1864, one of the prisoners requested an interview with the commandant of the post, General Sweet. The message was sent to headquarters. In the absence of General Sweet, I ordered the prisoner sent to my office. He told me that for some time there had been an organization amongst the prisoners of war to break out of the prison square—and that one hundred men had taken an obligation to lead the way, to break the fence, attack the guard in rear of camp, and in the confusion that would ensue, the 11,000 prisoners then in charge would escape. He said that at eight that evening was the time appointed—this was about 6 p.m. that the interview mentioned took place. It was a cloudy evening, and dark—looking like rain. After dismissing the prisoner, I started for the prison square. The officer in charge told me there seemed to be an unusual activity among the prisoners—advised me not to go round without a guard. This, I knew, would attract attention, if not suspicion. At this time the barracks occupied by the prisoners were in rows raised on posts, and each barrack contained from one hundred and fifty to two hundred men. I noticed there was an unusual stir among the

had lists of scores of our leading citizens whose property and lives could alone atone for the loyal part they had acted throughout the war. General Sweet and his brave officers at Camp Douglas were equally active and vigilant. The appointments at the post were strengthened by every means in his power, so that as small a force as possible might safely guard the prisoners, and that a large detail might be

prisoners in the barracks. After completing the tour, I returned to headquarters satisfied that there might be truth in the statement of my "spy." I at once sent an order to the commanding officer of the Eighth regiment to take post on the south and west of the camp. I ordered the Pennsylvania regiment on the rear of that, and around it. I had notified the officer in command of the guard of what might be expected, at the same time had strengthened the guard by turning out the other two reliefs. The rain began to fall, and it seemed to me that the camp was unusually quiet. The disposition of the troops had been made so quietly that the prisoners had not suspected it. I greatly regretted the absence of General Sweet; he had been summoned to Wisconsin, but I carried out his plan to the best of my ability. Eight o'clock had scarcely sounded, when *crash!* went some of the planks from the rear fence, and the one hundred men rushed for the opening. One volley from the guard, who were prepared for them, and the prisoners recoiled, gave up, and retreated to their barracks. Eighteen of the most determined got out, but in less time than I can relate it, quiet was restored. I had the Pennsylvania regiment gradually close in from the outer circle of the race course to the camp, and recaptured all of those that had escaped. I think eight or ten were wounded, but they gradually recovered."

spared to station in the city at the time of election. Detectives were kept intensely busy to watch every suspicious character that arrived by the cars, and some were sent to Canada to learn from officers there what villainous schemes they were plotting for the destruction of Chicago.[1] Others went to the virulent Copperhead districts in central and southern Illinois and found that large detachments were to be sent here, ready for carnage and plunder, should the prisoners break out, and in any event to vote early and often in the infected sections of the city. Hence, on the Saturday before the election — Tuesday, the 8th of November — General Sweet knew where

[1]In a note to me dated June 3d, Captain Shurley says:—

"One thing history will bear out: that during the the administration of General Sweet the prisoners of war were treated as well as it was possible to treat men in their situation. Of course, the very fact of confinement is a hardship – but the Government furnished good clothing and provisions, and allowed a sufficient quantity. I have read extracts from Southern papers citing the number that died at Camp Douglas. I account for this by the fact that many of the prisoners received at that camp were wounded and sick run down by hard service – and the change of climate may have had some effect. We had a most admirable hospital, and busy, competent surgeons. Dr. Emmons, of this city, was one of them. I know that General Sweet left that command poorer than when he entered it, and of all the millions he disbursed, not one cent entered his pocket—or those around him."

all the dens of the Knights of the Golden Circle were, and what was going on in them; what rebel gangs were expected from our own State, and what officers were expected from Canada to lead them and the rebel hordes in Camp Douglas in their bloody raid upon the city. To know them was to know how to provide against and defeat them.

But to be more specific: At first it was proposed to let loose the prisoners two weeks earlier, but for various reasons the thing was postponed till the night before the election. During the previous week, delegations began to arrive from Fayette and Christian counties, in this State. Bushwhackers journeyed north from Missouri and Kentucky. Some came from Indiana, and rebel officers from Canada. But so perfectly had General Sweet made himself master of their movements that, in the early morning of Monday, he arrested Colonel G. St. Leger Grenfell, Morgan's adjutant-general, in company with J. T. Shanks, an escaped prisoner of war, at the Richmond House; Colonel Vincent Marmaduke, brother of the rebel general of that name; Brigadier-General Charles Walsh, of the Sons of Liberty; Captain Cantrall, of Morgan's command, and others. In Walsh's house, General Sweet's officers captured two cartloads of large-sized revolvers, loaded and capped, and two hundred muskets and a large quantity of ammunition. In his official report, General Sweet says most

of these rebel officers were in the city in August, on the same bloody errand that brought them here when arrested. When the officers were secured, General Sweet's boys turned their attention to certain parties of a baser sort. Twenty-seven were arrested at the "Fort Donaldson House,"—a base misnomer, of course,—all well armed; another lot was captured on North Water Street, and by evening Camp Douglas had an accession of at least a hundred of these wretches. During the day the "secesh" sympathizers telegraphed their friends in the central and southern parts of the State that the trap had been sprung; parties on the way were notified of the fate that awaited them here, and they got off at Wilmington and Joliet; but some fifty who had missed the notice arrived on Monday evening, and were at once duly honored with an escort to Camp Douglas. Some of these visitors had boasted in Vandalia, on their way here, to intimate friends, that "they would hear of hell in a few days," and generally they were of the most desperate class of bushwhacking vagabonds.

The plan, as derived from confessions of the rebel officers and other sources, was to attack Camp Douglas, to release the prisoners there, with them to seize the polls, allowing none but the Copperhead ticket to be voted, and to stuff the boxes sufficiently to secure the city, county, and State for McClellan and

Pendleton, then to utterly sack the city, burning and destroying every description of property except what they could appropriate to their own use and that of their Southern brethren—to lay the city waste and carry off its money and stores to Jeff Davis's dominions.

Thanks to a kind Providence, all this was averted, and the day after the arrests were made, November 8th, the leading loyal journal of the city had the following deserved compliment to General Sweet:—

The praises of this vigilant, untiring officer are on every tongue. Those whose homes have been saved from midnight pillage and conflagration, whose families have been rescued from a perfect carnival of horrors, by his promptness and energy, will hold the name of General B. J. Sweet in everlasting gratitude. When the story of this hideous conspiracy to let loose ten thousand cut-throats upon a defenseless city comes to be written, people will not only appreciate the magnitude of the danger which has been averted from them by the cool head and steady nerve of one man comparatively unknown to them, but they will be astonished at the perseverance and skill with which the plot has been ferreted out and the ringleaders tracked to their cover.

In a general order, dated November 25th, General Sweet gives the number of men under his command during the previous eventful weeks at seven hundred and ninety-six, all told, and adds:—

On the 6th of November this garrison and the immense interests committed to its care in this camp, and in the city of Chicago, were threatened by

Southern and Northern traitors from within and without. Added duty was demanded of men already worn. Detachments from the garrison, and heavy and repeated details were made, with scarcely an interval of rest allowed, which, if not done from absolute necessity, would have been cruel. Officers and enlisted men of the command answered each new call with a cheerful alacrity and earnest zeal which commands the warmest admiration. Seldom have so few men been charged with the protection of interests so great—never have such interests been more faithfully guarded.

Of course the modest, brave man who directed all these movements gives no hint of his own exhaustive labors in all these weeks of danger. He not only attended sharply to all his duties as commander of the post, but he organized and sent out scores of detectives in all directions; he scanned their reports with an eagle's eye and, from a great mass of isolated facts, traced out the plans of his wily enemies, their location, and their expected part in the breaking out of the rebels from the camp and the sacking of the city—knowledge of all these and much more was wrought out by his sharp, incisive judgment and ceaseless energy. As I had given him the lead of important facts at the inception of the conspiracy in August, he did me the honor to give me the substance of what I have above written, except, of course, as to himself, from his own lips; and all that I have said of this villainous rebel plot is more than confirmed by the records of the subsequent trials, and by articles and docu-

ments published during the progress of the events which I have but too briefly described.

May it not, therefore, safely be said that Chicago can never fully appreciate, certainly can never repay to his family, the debt of gratitude she owes to the services of General Sweet? Other brave men fought and fell in the forefront of the battle; General Sweet was there, and ever after his right arm hung useless at his side. Other generals rushed into the thickest of the fight when towns and cities were burning around them; General Sweet stood firmly and quietly at his post and saved Chicago from a fate equally terrible and destructive. They knew that the lurid glare would flash out their names on all the pages of their country's history; he was content to do his duty, to save his fellow citizens from death and their city from plunder and burning. Their adversaries were in the front, fighting openly "man to man and brand to brand"; his were venomous reptiles, crawling about in dark lanes and filthy dens, till with one fell spring the loyal city should be laid in ashes, and its people fleeing in terror before the bullets and the swords of the destroyer. They fought the rebellion with all the weapons of legitimate warfare; he had to fight secret treason with such strategy and the best means that his own genius and restless energy could invent. Before their serried ranks the rebellion was consumed in a blaze of glory; General

Sweet's wisdom and untiring efforts saved Chicago to rejoice with brave men and sterling patriots everywhere over a country saved, a free, united, enduring republic.

The subsequent history of Camp Douglas can be told in a brief space. With the exception of Fortress Monroe, it was said to be the largest and best appointed camp in the United States. More than 30,000 prisoners had been housed there, and large numbers were confined there during the winter of 1864–65. The spring after the collapse of the rebellion, they were gradually discharged and furnished with transportation to their homes, one even being sent by Captain Shurley to San Francisco. General Sweet resigned at the commencement of the year, and Captain Shurley succeeded as post adjutant. He remained in charge till October, discharging the prisoners and attending to the other duties incident to his position. During the fall of 1865 the camp was dismantled, and the property sold under the direction of Colonel L. H. Pierce.

During the winter previous a court martial convened at Cincinnati, and the officers captured in November were duly tried for their crimes. Walsh, general of the Sons of Liberty, was sentenced to state's prison with hard labor for three years; Marmaduke and Morris were acquitted; Grenfell was found guilty of conspiracy to release the prisoners from Camp Douglas and to lay waste and

destroy Chicago, and was sentenced to death; Semmes was sentenced to a year in the penitentiary, and Anderson shot himself, thus saving the authorities all further trouble on his account. Fortunately for the others, the rebellion was crushed out, and their sentences were in due time remitted.

A few words more in relation to General Sweet: After he was mustered out of the service he bought a small farm at Wheaton, and opened a law office in this city. In 1869, he was appointed United States pension agent for the northern district of Illinois, office at Chicago, and he held that position until April, 1870, when he received the appointment of supervisor of internal revenue for the state of Illinois. In January, 1872, he was called to Washington and offered the position of first deputy commissioner of internal revenue. He accepted, and held that place until his death. General Sweet died on the 1st day of January, 1874, at Washington, D. C., aged forty-one years, eight months, and eight days. The cause of his death was acute pneumonia. He was ill only a few days, and his death was a cruelly sudden and unexpected blow to his family and his many devoted friends. General Sweet's family were all living at the time of his death, except his eldest son, Lawrence, who died August 10th, 1872. The death of this son was a terrible affliction to the General, and his spirit never recovered from the weight

of this sorrow. On the last day of the General's life, when all hope of recovery was over, he spoke many times of his family in words of anxiety and affection. Throughout his sickness he was calm, courageous, and cheerful. He died as he had lived, like a man whose soul no terrors, no suffering, no sorrow, could shake. He lived through struggles, sorrow, wounds, poverty, and discouragement, bravely, resolutely, calmly, and undismayed; and as he lived, so he died. Chicago will not fail to hold his inestimable service in grateful and honored remembrance. When monuments are built to perpetuate the memory of her preservers and heroes, let none rise higher than that on which stands the statue of General B. J. Sweet.

As an evidence that republics are not always ungrateful, I beg to add that his accomplished daughter, Miss Ada, was her father's chief clerk while pension agent, and also served in the same capacity under Mr. Blakeslee. In April, 1874, President Grant appointed her pension agent in this city, and it is the highest possible compliment to her that no office in the country is conducted with more accuracy and success. While the last vestige of Camp Douglas must soon be swept away, and its place and history will only be known to the historian and the curious antiquary, the memory of her patriotic, noble father will become brighter and more highly honored as the ages roll onward.

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